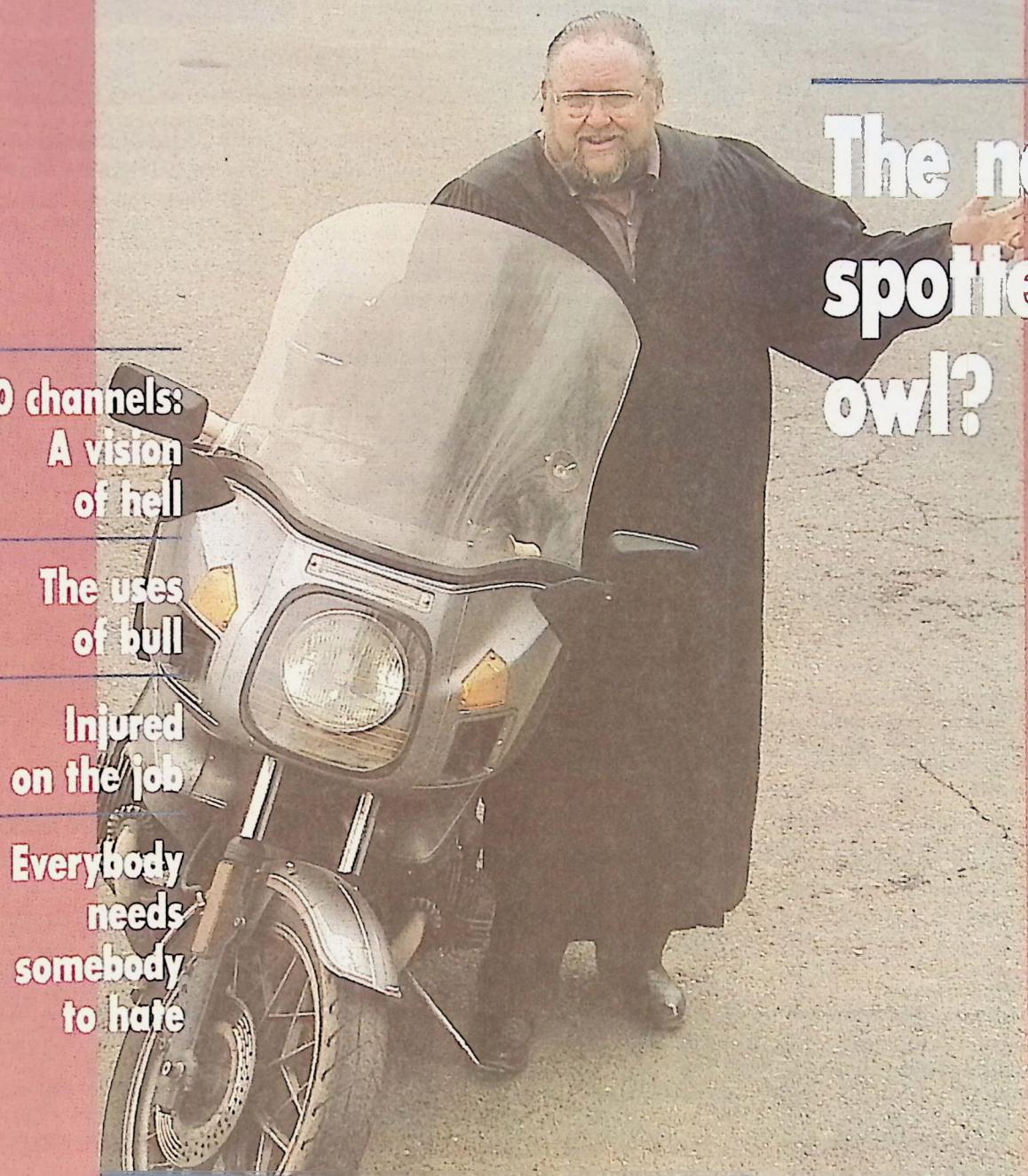


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needs
somebody
to hate

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SINCE 1946



Lindsay Applegate
pioneer of Applegate Trail

Exhibits, festivals, wagon trains and county fairs are a few of the events planned throughout southern Oregon in celebration of the Oregon Trail Sesquicentennial.

The listings below have been compiled by the Southern Oregon Historical Society, Jackson County's coordinator of the 1993 Oregon Trail celebration.

ONGOING

Overland to Oregon. An exhibit on trails to Oregon in the visitor's lobby of the Oregon State Capitol, Salem. Contact the Southern Oregon Historical Society, (503) 773-6536.

Peter Britt Learning Center, Jacksonville
Museum of Southern Oregon History. Designed for workshops, hands-on activities, and displays, the Center currently features these exhibits: *Through the Eyes of Peter Britt, Photography as a Tool of History*; and *Travelers of the Trails*, photographs of pioneers who arrived to Southern Oregon by way of the Oregon and Applegate trails. (503) 773-6536.

Migration Celebration: The 'On To Oregon' Centenial of 1959, Roseburg. Exhibit of Oregon wagon and memorabilia at the Douglas County Museum. (503) 440-4507.

AY
Pattern of a Journey: Quilts of the Oregon Trail, Aurora. A traveling exhibit of quilts and quilt blocks will be on display at the Aurora Colony Historical Society. (503) 440-4507.

National History Day, Ashland. The Oregon State competition of the nationwide history contest for students grades eight through 12 at Southern Oregon State College. (503) 773-6536.

Unveiling of sculpture commemorating pioneers, Grants Pass. Located in the new Southern Oregon Public Market lot behind the Post Office on 6th Street. (503) 476-5510.

National Museum Day. Explore one of the many museums in southern Oregon. Call your local museum for hours.

OREGON TRAIL SESQUICENTENNIAL

Applegate Trail Country CALENDAR OF EVENTS 1993

JUNE

29 **Living History** begins its tenth season at the historic Beekman House, **Jacksonville**. Open daily, 1-5 p.m. through Labor Day. Also the Jacksonville Museum of Southern Oregon History and Children's Museum begin summer hours. Open daily 10 a.m.- 5 p.m. through Labor Day. (503) 773-6536.

JULY

15 **Trail theme exhibit, Grants Pass.** The Oregon Trail is the theme of an exhibit at the Grants Pass Museum of Art. (503) 479-3290.

19 **"Pattern of a Journey: Quilts of the Oregon Trail," Medford.** A traveling exhibit of quilts and quilt blocks will be on display at the Southern Oregon History Center. (503) 773-6536.

19 - 20 **Pioneer Days, Jacksonville.** Annual parade and festival in this National Historic Landmark town. (503) 899-8118.

26 **Pioneer Days/Pottsville Powerland," Merlin.** Variety of weekend events. (503) 592-3203.

26 **SummerFest, Shady Cove.** The Oregon Trail will be the theme of this annual event sponsored by the Greater Shady Cove Boosters. (503) 878-3013.

26 **Garrett Rodeo Museum Dedication, Lakeview.** Old-fashioned hoedown and Jr. Rodeo are planned for the dedication of the museum. (503) 947-6013.

26 **Rooster Crow Contest/Festival, Rogue River.** "Celebrate the Oregon Trail" is the theme. Activities are scheduled for the entire weekend. (503) 582-0242.

26 **Vintage Fashion Show & Tea, Jacksonville.** Featuring reproduction clothing and accessories from 1850s to 1910 in the U.S. Hotel, Jacksonville. (503) 773-6536.

4 **"Adventures on the Oregon Trail," Ashland.** Fourth of July celebration's activities include parade, run, games, food & craft booths. (503) 482-3486.

AUGUST

5 **Her Works Praise Her, Medford.** Exhibit of women inventors at the Southern Oregon History Center. (503) 773-6536.

17 **Wagon Train & Muzzleloaders Rendezvous, Lakeview.** A celebration of John C. Fremont's discovery of Winter Rim and Summer Lake, Lakeview. (503) 947-5296.

20-25 **"Wild, Wild, Week!" Central Point.** Jackson County Fair's wild theme means a week of fun for all. Includes an exhibit on the history of the Applegate Trail. (503) 776-7237.

26 **Voices of the Oregon Trail, Jacksonville.** Musical at the Britt Music Festivals. (503) 779-0847.

SEPTEMBER

11 - 14 **"Happy Birthday Oregon Trail," Roseburg.** Theme of the Douglas County Fair. (503) 672-9731.

NOVEMBER

5 **Author's Party, Medford.** Second annual Southern Oregon Historical Society Authors' Party and sale held at the Southern Oregon History Center, 106 N. Central Ave. Also the premier of *LAND IN COMMON*, a book on the history of Jackson County. (503) 773-6536.

5 **Thomas Hart Benton on the Oregon Trail, Medford.** An exhibit of the famed artist's original water colors used to illustrate Francis Parkman's book *THE OREGON TRAIL* opens at the Southern Oregon History Center. (503) 773-6536.

5 & 6 **Southern Oregon Regional History Conference, Medford.** "Our Past: Who Owns It?" is this year's conference theme sponsored by the Southern Oregon Historical Society and Southern Oregon State College. (503) 773-6536.

These listings are subject to change.

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10 Speaking of Words. Everything you wanted to know about what's left in the street after the bulls pass by.

11 Jefferson Outlook. Russell Sadler sees dark portents for Oregon in the decline of interest in the opening of trout season.

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Truly embarrassed

As a former mayor of Brookings, and as someone who appreciates good journalism, I must strongly object to Mike Kotlan's April article on Oregon's Land Conservation and Development Commission ["Who's Land Is It Anyway?"]. Kotlan's ignorance of, or bias against, Oregon's land-use laws is made clear by his abundant use of quotes from people opposed to land-use planning, by his use of inflammatory language, and by his failure to do his homework or to get his facts right. I'm truly embarrassed that such a one-sided article on an issue of major importance to all Oregonians was printed in the journal of an NPR station that I helped bring into my community over a decade ago.

As someone who's supported and helped to improve Oregon's land-use laws, I'm incensed that Kotlan would relegate me to the "far left." Kotlan further insults my intelligence when he tells me that someone who claims "having neighbors who are neither farmers nor loggers does no economic harm to farm or forest operations" is a "nationally recognized authority on land-use planning." Kotlan might consider asking the folks at the American Farmland Trust about the veracity of that statement.

Also, if Kotlan had done his homework, he'd have learned:

- That 1000 Friends of Oregon is a land-use watchdog group, not an environmental group. There's a distinction.

- That Oregonians in Action is much more than the grass-roots group of rural landowners it pretends to be. (Kotlan should remember Deep Throat's advice: *Follow the money.*)

- That southern Oregon was indeed represented on LCDC, from 1988 to 1992, by former Brookings mayor Robert Kerr.

Finally, Kotlan faithfully reports all the sins attributed to land-use planning by land-development interests, but fails to mention that Oregon's land-use

program has been supported by a vote of the people every time they were given the opportunity.

In the wake of the land-use disaster that's occurring to the south of us, it's essential that our planning laws be given a fair, objective, and continuing evaluation. Kotlan's partisan attack on land-use planning is neither fair nor objective, however. I find it difficult to believe that his views represent those of JPR. If I'm wrong, please advise. It's a shame such a biased presentation of an important issue made it to the pages of the journal of a respected radio station. I'm sorry to say Ronald Kramer's comments in the March *Guide to the Arts* about the "new and improved *Jefferson Monthly*" just don't hold up.

Fred Hummel
Brookings

Mike Kotlan's opinions are exclusively his own. They're also a mystery, since he never expressed them in his article. That article was about LCDC's opponents, so of course it focused on their views. But it nowhere endorsed them. —Ed.

Check not in mail

While driving home the other evening, I heard your "check's in the mail" pitch, and thought to myself, "I'm gonna do that as soon as I get home." Then I got the mail out of the mailbox, noticed the newly formatted *Jefferson Monthly* and, glancing through it, came across an article titled "Whose Land Is It Anyway?"

When I read the article, I was appalled and furious! It was the most blatantly one-sided, biased piece I've ever seen you publish on a controversial subject.

I've lived in Oregon for 30 years, and I can't begin to tell you how lucky we are to have the strongest land-use laws in the country. If you want to live where there are weak land-use laws, by all means feel free to move to California. Just don't Californicate Oregon!

I feel very fortunate to have in our community both public radio and land-use laws that keep Oregon Oregon. But, if I have to give up one, there's no question which it'll be. Get your donations from the developers!

Jim Rogers
Port Orford

Security blanket

Constraints of time preclude my dissecting Ronald Kramer's April column ["Son of HUAC"] as thoroughly as I'd like, but allow me to call attention to Kramer's claim that "it's by no means been traditional in America for government to review the content of the mass media." Hell's bells, man — not only is it traditional for Congress to oversee the expenditure of tax money, it's required!

The problem of yahoo members of Congress injecting their version of objectivity into your operations will continue as long as you and NPR accept funds coerced from "we the people."

Remove the "public" element from your funding, and Congress and all other government entities will be blocked from interfering in your endeavors by our beloved First Amendment. But, till Jefferson Public Radio crawls out from under the warm blanket of federal funding, you'll remain vulnerable.

Ron Hanford
Redding

AIDS: They deserve it

I always thought public radio was fair and unbiased in its reporting. Then I read your article "AIDS: Who Cares?" [April]. Never once in the article was it mentioned that AIDS is a behaviorally transmitted disease. Surely in your vast knowledge you must be aware that AIDS is spread for the most part through anal sex (an unnatural behavior), and by the sharing of illegal-drug needles. The transmission through tainted transfusions was largely caused by AIDS carriers who gave blood for the express purpose of spreading the disease to the heterosexual population. And even those innocent victims who got the disease at birth got it as a result of someone's offensive behavior.

It angers me that you'd treat all AIDS carriers as innocent victims. A minority of them, granted, are, and I feel very sorry for them, but, for the most part, the article is correct: those males who prefer their sex outlet to be a vent that's meant to pass human feces, those people who pierce their flesh with dirty needles, and those who insist on

multiple sex partners will tend to die off, while people of normal behavior will continue to exist.

Freedom comes with a responsibility toward our fellow man. Our freedoms can only continue for as long as we're willing to take responsibility for our actions and, when a purported news medium puts out biased, opinionated articles without disclaimers or opposing viewpoints, we're well on our way to losing the freedoms we've enjoyed for over 200 years.

You've lost one subscriber.

Bill Redmond
Myrtle Creek

Somebody likes us

Thanks for your new magazine format, first because I assume it's all on recycled/recyclable paper, and second because it's so much more interesting. I found myself flipping through and actually reading some of the articles, which I almost never did in the old format.

So thanks again, and keep up the good work. We've already subscribed, but here's a bonus for your spring marathon.

Ruth Alexander
Ashland

The Jefferson Monthly welcomes comments from readers, but letters intended for publication must be signed and include, for purposes of verification only, the writer's street address and phone number. All letters are subject to editing for length and clarity. Address correspondence to: Jefferson Monthly, P.O. Box 1468, Grants Pass, OR 97526. Fax: 503-474-3814.

Attention, writers
The Jefferson Monthly pays for articles on public affairs, and is looking for material of general interest from throughout Jefferson Public Radio's listening area. Call 503-664-5665 or 503-474-3816 for additional guidelines.



Director of Broadcasting, Jefferson Public Radio



More is less

THE SO-CALLED explosion of media sources is upon us. Thanks to new technology that allows the existing wires of cable-television systems to carry a vastly increased number of signals, systems now offering 50 channels will be able to bring 500 into our homes, in the not-so-distant future.

Before you jump to your feet applauding, though, consider the possibility that what we're looking at here is serious overkill. After all, many families today typically view only four or five of the channels available to them on cable. Are such families really likely to begin viewing 40 or 50 channels on a regular basis, if the number of channels jumps to 500?

The brutal facts of economics weigh heavily here, too.

Let's assume that, at any given moment, 125 million of the nation's 260 million people have their TVs turned on. By current estimates, around 65% of these viewers, or 81 million, will be tuned to the three major networks, leaving 35%, or 44 million, to watch the remaining non-network channels. That may seem like more than enough people to go around, but, if the number of non-network channels should rise from 20 to 200, the average number of people viewing each channel would drop from 2.2 million to a little over 200,000. And this in turn would mean a sharp decrease in the money available for each channel's programming, and an equally sharp decrease in advertising revenue, for those channels dependent on it.

An obvious solution to this evaporation of funds would be subscription-based TV, which ties fees to costs and charges higher rates for more expensive programming. Unfortunately, there's considerable viewer resistance to subscription TV, and that resistance is likely to increase as the number of channels multiplies and audiences for specific programs dwindle.

Take a program that costs \$1 million to produce. With many more stations competing for audiences, such a program would almost certainly have to make back the \$1 million from a greatly reduced base, forcing viewers to confront the question whether admission is worth the ticket. The fact is, a \$1 million program viewed by 200,000 people works out to \$5 per viewer — no trivial amount. Resistance to price will therefore inevitably become a factor in such cases and, with 499 other channels facing the same pricing dilemma, competition for low-cost programming is bound to be intense.

SO 500-CHANNEL cable TV probably can't operate under this type of model — what then? One possibility would be an increased emphasis on the video counterpart of vanity publishing. Just as writers who can't find publishers often pay to have their work printed in editions of 500 copies that nobody buys, so, in the emerging cable-TV environment, we're seeing more and more people take to the air with self-produced programs that nobody watches.

Technological advances have been largely responsible for this development. Camcorders, for example, are getting cheaper and cheaper, and even the equipment once necessary to mount a "studio production" is vastly simpler and less expensive than it used to be. The result has been that much of what's starting to show up on the smaller channels and cable-access services around the nation is the TV equivalent of home movies. These programs, made with unpaid talent, may cost little to produce, but the air time they use is essentially a valueless commodity — at least where the value of air time continues to be measured in the traditional way, by audience size.

Moreover, vanity video is unlikely to be the exclusive province of private individuals. Institutions are equally apt to be attracted by the possibilities of

public self-canonization that 500-channel cable TV would offer.

Ten or 20 years ago, colleges and big companies liked to seize on anniversaries and similar occasions as pretexts for publishing slick retrospectives of their institutional accomplishments. These brochures were mostly given away to alumni or potential investors, but nowadays it's become more and more common for such preening to occur electronically. To be sure, air time is occupied by such productions that might otherwise go begging, but it should be borne in mind that the essence of mass communication is the ability to transmit information and thereby enhance our common social condition. Given the premise, which I subscribe to, that information is the key to survival in the 21st century, the mass audience — whether for television or radio — can't rationally be ignored.

I USED TO TELL my students that, in driving through a community and scanning the radio dial, you could always spot the "college" radio station, because its announcer would be busy trading inside jokes with a friend in the control room. Vanity video belongs in the same category. If you program something because it serves the purposes of insiders, you don't really provide much of a public service.

People now and then make the mistake of assuming that, simply because a program is televised, something has been accomplished. But, if nobody's watching, what can you boast of, except the consumption of resources for no reason?

As a society, we face a period of intense adjustments, one in which resources must be keenly targeted to produce effective results. And, just as government can't afford programs that produce no noticeable public benefit, so broadcasters can't afford to waste communication channels on pointless exercises.

Broadcasting's venerable audience-based tradition will plainly be jeopardized, then, if we go ahead with an increase in channels more appropriate to a population of 2.6 billion than 260 million. Or is our love of new toys such that we're ready to welcome a system of communications in which the audience is entirely forgotten? ☀

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Sisters Christina Rudelis and Maureen Thayer at the Victorian Parlor.

High tea in Grants Pass

GRANTS PASS — Ignore the view of the shopping mall across the street, and you'd swear you were in London.

On the second floor of a lovely old Victorian building at 5th and G streets here, two sisters, Christina Rudelis and Maureen Thayer, have opened an elegant English tearoom and bakery called the Victorian Parlor.

The unusual menu features Scottish pancakes, crumpets, scones, an assortment of pasties, English sausages called bangers, and tea sandwiches.

Soup lovers have a choice of shrimp bisque, salmon-and-corn chowder, pumpkin-cheese soup, and chicken-and-leek soup.

Nothing on the menu is out of a can or box. Rudelis makes every item from

scratch, including the orange-marmalade bars, Dundee cakes, tartlets, and chocolate truffles with which the bakery is stocked.

The Victorian Parlor is housed in the historic Kielen-Hartbeck building, which dates from 1900.

"There used to be a bar downstairs," Thayer says, "and the upstairs space we occupy was once a brothel."

Thayer waits on tables and creates the silk-flower arrangements on sale in a small room adjacent to the restaurant.

Visitors can sit in a handsome formal dining room overlooking G Street, or in a more casual space.

The atmosphere at the Victorian Parlor is peaceful by design, and highly conducive to lingering.

"We have people who sit

At long last, recognition for the region's Indians

TALENT — At the end of March, Jackson County, after 30 years of shilly-shallying, finally agreed to change the name of Dead Indian Road, a sore point with local Native Americans.

The road, near Ashland, is now known as Dead Indian Memorial Road, and George Fence, chairman of the American Indian Cultural Center, hopes the dedication of a monument commemorating the name change will be timed to coincide with the cultural center's annual

powwow late this month.

The monument, Fence explains, will confer long-overdue recognition on the region's Native Americans.

"We've been living here unacknowledged for 10,000 years," he says. "So I think it'll be a healing experience for all of us to dedicate this memorial."

The Indian community also intends to continue to press for the elimination of racist place names.

"Indians now represent only half of one percent of all the people in this country," Fence says. "It's a herculean task to abolish intolerance in everyone."

The state will foot three-quarters of the \$5,000 bill for the new monument, and Fence says Jackson County has indicated it will put up the rest of the money.

Meanwhile, the cultural center's annual powwow, which is free and open to the public, will be held at Phoenix High School from 1 to 5 and 7 to 10 on May 22, and from 11 to 4 on May 23.

According to powwow-committee chair Loretta Mills, the event was held at Emigrant Lake in years past, but has been moved indoors to escape the vagaries of the weather.

"There are 18 different tribes here in the Rogue Valley," Mills says. "Tribes also attend the powwow from all over the country."

For more information, call the cultural center at 535-6031.

Special arts festival

An arts festival for developmentally disabled adults will be held in the Grants Pass High School student center on May 8 from 1 to 4:30.

Activities include dance, mime, print-making, colored-wire sculpture, and creative expression through improvisation and poetry.

Sponsored by the Arts Council of Southern Oregon, the event is free, but participants have to register by May 1.

To register, call ACSO at 503-779-2820.

What painters are up to in China

You don't have to travel to Peking to see what Chinese artists are up to these days.

From May 3 to June 1, contemporary paintings on loan from the Republic of China will be on display in Roseburg and Grants Pass.

The two exhibits, slated to tour the U.S. till 1995, also feature calligraphy, an art that in China is inseparable from painting and has been practiced for 3,000 years.

Each exhibit consists of 44 paintings and 16 calligraphic works.

The paintings are primarily representational, but there are also some experimental pieces that can't be precisely categorized.

In Roseburg, the exhibit can be viewed from 1 to 5 Monday through Friday at

the Umpqua Community College Art Gallery on College Road. Get off I-5 at exit 129, and follow the signs to the college.

In Grants Pass, the exhibit

is at the Wiseman Gallery at Rogue Community College, 3345 Redwood Ave. Hours are 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. Monday through Thursday, 8 to 5 Friday, and 9 to 4 Saturday.

Needed: A Saint Bernard

ASHLAND — If you think you have problems, try running a radio station in a mountain range. During two weeks in March, listeners to the Classics and News Service of Jefferson Public Radio experienced interruptions when severe weather and ice partially disabled KSOR's transmission antenna on King Mountain.

KSOR was subsequently forced to operate on the working part of the antenna

at 15% of normal power — not enough to feed around half of the station's 34 translators. To make matters worse, replacement parts had to be custom-made in Maine and, even after they arrived, repairs had to wait for a break in the weather.

It takes a snow vehicle or helicopter to get to the top of King Mountain, where snow eight feet deep surrounded KSOR's transmission building this winter.

Look for sparks to fly at debate on 'obscene' art

Get ready for fireworks.

The heated national debate over federal funding for art considered obscene by some people will come to southern Oregon on May 24, when Southern Oregon State College and the Medford Mail Tribune co-sponsor a one-day seminar on the First Amendment.

The featured speakers at the seminar will be:

• **John Frohnmayer**, a Medford native who served as chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts from 1989 to 1992, when he was fired by President Bush in response to pressure from conservatives angered by Frohnmayer's unwillingness

to help them block funding for controversial grants. Currently, Frohnmayer is a nationally sought-after speaker and the author of *Leaving Town Alive*, a newly published book about his experiences in Washington, D.C.

• **Ralph E. Reed, Jr.**, executive director of the Christian Coalition, a non-profit national organization based in Virginia that's dedicated to mobilizing and training Christians for effective political action. From 1982 to 1984, Reed served as executive director of the College Republican National Committee. In 1984, he founded and became executive director of Students

for America.

The seminar will feature two events, both open to the public at no charge.

• At the first event, Frohnmayer and Reed will give individual presentations at 2 p.m. in the Stevenson Union on the SOSC campus in Ashland. A public question-and-answer period will follow.

• At the second event, at 7:30 p.m. at the Craterian Theater in downtown Medford, Frohnmayer and Reed will debate the issue of federal funding for the arts, using a format similar to that of the 1992 presidential debates. Questions will be asked by a four-member

panel and each speaker will be given a set amount of time to respond.

Members of the panel will be:

• **Perry Atkinson**, president and general manager of KDOV Radio.

• **Judith Ginsburg**, assistant professor of art at SOSC.

• **Fontaine Syer**, associate artistic director of the Oregon Shakespeare Festival in Ashland.

• **Bill Varble**, a Mail Tribune staff writer who covers the arts for the newspaper's life-styles section.

A brief question-and-answer session will follow the debate.

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SPEAKING OF WORDS

WFN SMITH



Now where did I put that shovel?

MY FRIEND Charlie has been reading a book about Spain. "I'd like to be in Pamplona," he said the other day, "when they turn the bulls loose in the streets."

"You want to risk your life running from bulls?" I asked.

"Think I'm nuts? I just want to watch someone else do it."

Most of us, like Charlie, don't run from the bulls. We just hide in doorways and watch the colorful display of machismo. Then we come out to see what's left on the streets.

What's left, of course, comes from the south end of the bulls. It's a product with universal fascination, and it gets into the way we use language.

What we call "bull" isn't the least among our uses for words. It's our way of hiding the truth, of creating illusions. An example comes my way almost daily, often saying that I've "already won" \$10 million or a VCR or a trip to Bermuda. When I see that sort of thing, I know the bulls are running.

When Charlie came in, I'd just been to the mailbox and picked up some of the latest. A preselected number had put me in "the only group from which our next millionaire will come." To have my chance, I'd have to agree to spend an hour listening to a sales pitch for a time-share on a castle in Spain. I turned that over to Charlie.

I recognized another of the envelopes as one of my self-addressed come home to roost. I'd submitted an article to the *Los Angeles Times*, and the return

meant the paper had decided not to print it.

As rejections go, it wasn't the worst. Features editor John Brownell had written a personal note. "Our space is limited," he wrote, "and we already are overbooked."

I showed the note to Charlie. "What do you think *overbooked* means?"

"Must be like the airlines," he said.

"They sell more tickets than they have seats, figuring a lot of no-shows."

"Newspapers don't work that way," I said. "The *Times* doesn't sell seats, and it never starts down the runway with empty space."

**What we call 'bull'
isn't the least among
our uses for words.
It's our way of hiding
the truth,
of creating illusions**

"Maybe *overbooked* means the editor has more stuff on hand than he has space for."

"You're right," I said. "He's already bought material that he can't find room to print."

"Sounds logical," Charlie said.

"So why doesn't he *overbook* my article?"

"You mean pay you for it and then not print it?"

"Why not? If he's *overbooked*, he must have done that with somebody's stuff. Why not mine?"

"Maybe he thinks what he already has is better than yours."

"I know, but he doesn't say that. He says *overbooked*. He's afraid to tell me he doesn't like the article."

"That's diplomacy," Charlie said.

"*Pamplonacy*," I said.

"Is that a word?"

"It is now. If the editor told me my

stuff needed work, that would be an honest challenge. I'd rather run ahead of the bulls than wade in what's left behind."

"Hey, maybe you'd like to run in Pamplona."

"If my article isn't good, it deserves trampling," I said. "But that word *overbooked* is strictly from the wrong end of the bulls."

"You got a cerveza?" said Charlie.

We walked through the door into the kitchen and I got out a six-pack and we did what we could to keep ahead of it and of each other as the stories piled up on the floor around us. Charlie told me what he'd been reading about Pamplona and the running of the bulls after the foolhardy, and I began to feel like Papa Hemingway. Or maybe like

Jake Barnes.

"Why don't you and the wife go to Spain with me and Angel," he said. "Won't be long until the running of the bulls. Maybe we could both take our chances."

I poured the last of the cerveza. It tasted good.

"Well," I said, "I wouldn't mind seeing Pamplona and the spectacle. Maybe I'd even decide to run."

"We may leave next month," he said. It sounded stimulating, but I knew it wasn't my mug of brew.

"Sorry, Charlie," I said. "Next month I'm going to be overbooked."

Wen Smith's Speaking of Words is heard on the Jefferson Daily every Monday afternoon, and on KSOR's First Concert Saturdays at 10 a.m.

JEFFERSON OUTLOOK

RUSSELL SADLER



Gone fishing

NOTHING MIRRORS the changing culture of Oregon like the decline in importance of the first day of trout season.

To the serious trout fisherman, opening day is an occasion worthy of the same reverence Christians reserve for Easter. It signals the resurrection of a seasonal cycle and involves a celebration of new birth. It means flyrods can once again flail the sacred waters of the McKenzie, the Deschutes, and the Rogue.

Trouting is never as good as it used to be — any old-timer will tell you that. But though there are still many hours of tranquility — and a few big fish — to be found on trout waters, fishing isn't as popular as in days gone by.

Oregon once came to a standstill on the trout opener, but these days it goes unnoticed by all but the subculture dedicated to its perpetuation.

Some argue the problem is divorce — that there aren't enough fathers taking their sons fishing anymore, despite the valiant efforts of some mothers to recreate the experience.

Others place the blame on changing public attitudes toward the killing of

living things. And still others blame that modern sepulcher, the air-conditioned office building, for removing us from the seasonal rhythms of nature.

As for me, I think the decline of the importance of trout season is the fault of too many newcomers who don't bother to learn the traditions of their adopted state, and of misguided natives who've forgotten their heritage.

How else account for "Blazermania" over indoor basketball games that have overstayed their proper season? How else explain why so many are willing to watch a third-rate team like the Mariners play domeball in a concrete mausoleum, when they could be on trout water looking at Mt. Hood, Mt. Jefferson, the Three Sisters, or Mt. Shasta?

Forgive them, Father, they know not what they do — or what they're missing.

It's time to worship at the altar of the Sparse Grey Hackle and the caddis fly.

Russell Sadler's Oregon Outlook is heard Monday through Friday on Jefferson Public Radio's Morning News.

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Celtic summers

SINCE WE'RE currently on Daylight Savings Time, we don't fully appreciate the fact that the days are getting longer. In this, we differ greatly from the ancient Celts, who had a close relation with such phenomena.

To the Celts, there were really only two seasons, summer and winter. The days in between were days of preparation.

To honor the growing power of the sun on Midsummer's Day, the Celts built bonfires at sunset and tended them till long past midnight. Young men would jump over the fires for good luck. But, since Midsummer's Day for the Celts was June 21, when did summer actually begin for them?

In their calendar, there were four "cross-quarter" days between the summer and winter solstice and the spring and autumn equinox. These dates marked the beginning of the seasons. The cross-quarter day that kicked off summer was the festival of Beltane, or May Day. This occurred on May 1. Autumn began on Lughnasa, on August 1. Winter began with Samhain, at the end of October, our Halloween. And spring began with Imbolc, on February 2, our Groundhog Day.

The Celts welcomed summer by literally bringing it into their villages. Before dawn on May Day, the children would pick flowers or boughs and carry them home to protect people from bad luck and evil forces. A May queen presided over the many events of the day, including dancing around the maypole, and at night there was a bonfire through whose embers farmers would drive their cattle, to shield them from harm. The villagers also set up May bushes and decorated them with flowers, eggshells, ribbons, and candles, much as we decorate Christmas trees.

In devising their calendar, the Celts set the first day of summer at 38 or 39 days after the spring equinox (March 21). They named the months after their relationship to the seasons. Thus, April was "the month at the end of Spring."

Like the Romans, the Celts measured the day by the sun and the month by the moon. Our calendar, by contrast, has little to do with the rhythms of the sun, and therefore doesn't accurately reflect seasonal events. Much to the frustration of schoolchildren, for exam-

ple, we have to wait for the first day of summer till June 21, a date on which, among the Celts, the season would already have been half over.

Richard Moeschl hosts the Milky Way Starlight Theater, heard on KSMF and KSJK.



Ha ha ha ha ha!

ACORN WOODPECKERS always make me laugh. To me, they look, act, and sound just like clowns.

These most sociable of North American woodpeckers live year round in groups of two to 15 birds of both sexes and all ages.

They're dressed in flashy black-and-white, with red caps, white cheeks and foreheads, black chins, yellowish throats, and white irises — veritable harlequins if ever there were any.

The females can be distinguished by a black area between the red cap and the white forehead.

Noisy and always busy, acorn woodpeckers are common residents of oak and oak-pine woodlands everywhere from southern Oregon to South America. And, even if you've never seen one, you're sure to have seen their granaries — oaks, sycamores (in California), ponderosa pines, utility poles, and the gables and cornices of wooden structures, all drilled with holes.

Over 50,000 such holes have been counted in just one California pine.

The holes are tightly packed with acorns or other hard nuts that the woodpeckers store to dine on in winter.

In early fall, they're content with green acorns.

In spring and summer, they're proficient flycatchers and sapsuckers.

Acorn woodpeckers have a social life

so unusual that John Humphrey Noyes might have been studying them before he invented complex marriage and the Oneida community.

These birds are about as communal as individuals can get.

On their tree-granaries, they work together, collecting mast — a fancy word for acorns — drilling holes, and watching out for squirrels, jays, and other intruders.

They almost always drive off rival birds, but are slightly less successful with squirrels.

They also mate and rear their young collectively.

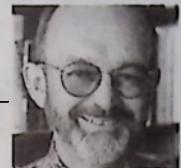
Adults divide into breeders and helpers. Nests are excavated by both sexes, sometimes with the help of other adults in the social group.

Among the breeders, mate-sharing is common. In a group with three breeding pairs, all three males apparently can breed with any female. (Now that's sociability!) Though copulation is seldom observed, multiple paternity has been demonstrated through chemical analysis of the blood enzymes of breeding groups and their progeny.

Acorn woodpeckers have another unusual habit.

They kill their young and consume them communally.

So much for clowns.



Dr. Frank Lang's Nature Notes can be heard Fridays on the Jefferson Daily and Saturdays at 8:30 a.m. on JPR's Classics & News Service.

***Forget the spotted owl.
The justice of the peace is . . .***

The next endangered species

BY BARBARA BAILY

THEY'RE AFTER Bob King again. In his 14 years as Jackson County justice of the peace, the board of county commissioners in Medford has talked on more than one occasion about eliminating King's job. But the threat this time comes from a different and more formidable quarter — the Legislature in Salem. House Bill 2542 would abolish all justice courts within 15 miles of another court — and that provision would spell curtains for King, the county's last upholder of a tradition of citizen judges dating back 150 years.

Most judges prepare for their profession by going to law school. King — a Falstaffian eccentric who roars around town on a motorcycle and refuses to outgrow his sense of humor — apprenticed, as he'll be the first to tell you, in the school of hard knocks. Indeed, in 1979, during his first year on the bench, like not a few of the defendants who appear before him he was supplementing a meagre income with public assistance.

"I'd arraign people in the morning, and join them in line at the market with food stamps in the afternoon," he recalls, adding with characteristic forthrightness: "It wasn't a bad experience for what I do."

Now 48 years old, King — who's paid just \$14,000 a year for putting in 30 to 40 hours a week on what's supposed to be a part-time job — thinks it would be a great loss, not to him personally, but to the average citizen, if the perspective of lay judges should be eliminated from the judicial system.

"If you take a hard look at the system as a whole," he says, "it's heavily weighted with attorneys, and it's a mess. The dockets are backed up, and the prisons are full. I don't think anyone looking at the current state of affairs could suggest that attorney-judges are doing all that well."

HB 2542 was introduced by an attorney, Rep. James Edmunson (D-Eugene), after an aide whom Edmunson will only describe as a member of a minority group complained of being treated less than kindly by an unidentified justice of the peace — not King — in connection with a speeding ticket.

The bill, as originally written, would have eliminated all 35 justice courts in the state, but was subsequently revised to apply only to five. Still, King sees it as a first step by a Legislature biased in favor of attorneys toward the complete exclusion of citizen judges from the judiciary, to

the detriment of all concerned.

"Justice, which is what we're all about, is well served by having me in court," King insists. "Attorney judges develop a myopic perspective, because they're insulated from the realities of life."

King's exposure to life's realities began in southern California, where, "as a mere youth," he admits to having spent a few days behind bars. Nowadays he occasionally has to sentence somebody to jail himself, but, because of his personal experience of confinement, he says he never does it without great sadness.

By 1972, in any case, California had exhausted its charms for King, and he moved with his family to the Rogue Valley "to become a tree-hugger and part-time Indian."

"Me, my wife, two kids, a cat, and a dog lived out of the back of a panel truck at the end of Humbug Creek Road," he recalls. "When we left Long Beach, everybody said we'd never make it — and they were right. But I'd rather starve up here than in Long Beach."

AFTER MOVING to Gold Hill, a hamlet with a population of 900 and a hard-earned reputation for rambunctiousness out of all proportion to its minute size, King inevitably found himself drawn into local politics and, for a year, in 1977, shook up his fellow citizens by publishing a newspaper, the *Gold Hill Nugget*, that specialized in unorthodox reporting and colorful headlines.

For example, after King and his allies got the county sanitarian, Lester Wright, to condemn the municipal drinking water so the city would be eligible for funds to improve it, Frances Brown, the librarian at the time, protested that Wright's condemnation of the water was an unwarranted slur on the city's good name.

King played the resulting story under the headline "Brown Sees Red, Says Wright is Wrong."

"Frances threatened to revoke my library card after that," he notes drily.

A dearth of advertising finally finished off the *Nugget*, to the not very great distress, King acknowledges, of its numerous enemies. But, though the paper may have done little for his popularity, it made his name a familiar

one in the area, so that, when the incumbent justice of the peace, Ralph James, decided in 1978 not to seek another six-year term, King filed for the position, "just to give a lot of people in town a heart attack."

"Two people ran against me," he says, "but I won because I had name recognition and a nice Anglo name. Then I got serious about being a judge, cut off the rest of my pony tail, and became as normal as I could," which, for King, means pausing, when he remembers to, to remove his judicial robes before climbing on his BMW.

Though you wouldn't take him for Cupid, what King likes best about being justice of the peace is marrying people, particularly when the ceremonies are held in unconventional surroundings.

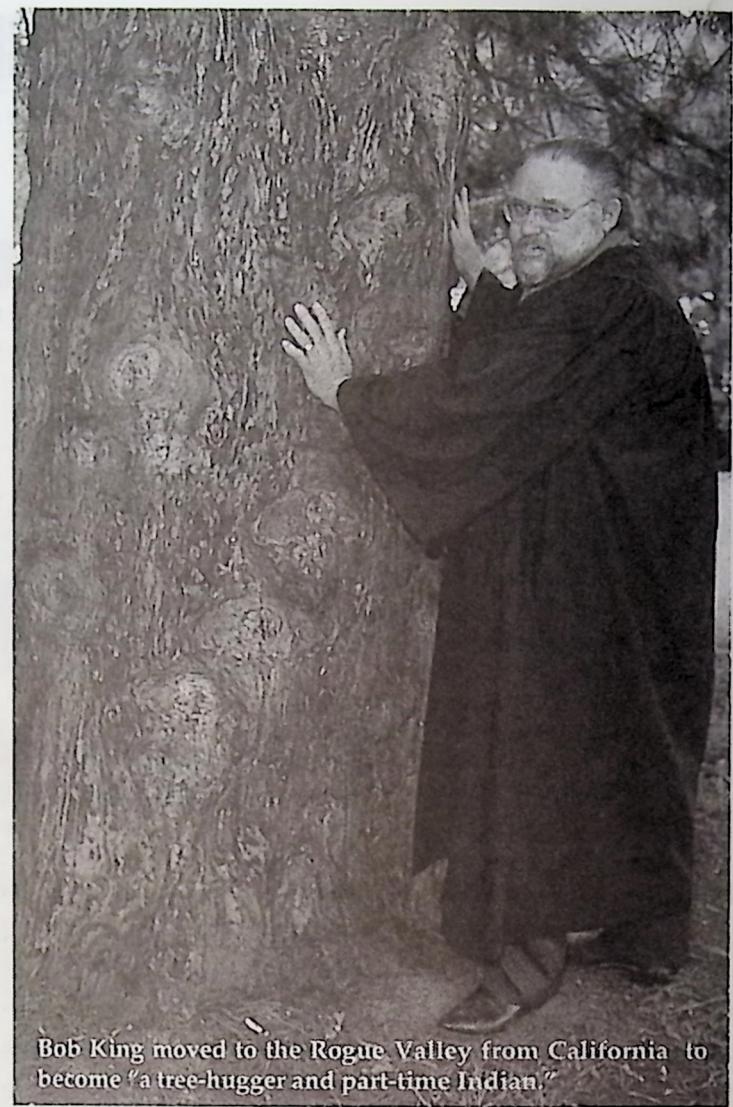
"I've married people in the middle of a lake in boats," he says. "I married an old couple in an adult foster home, and another in the hospital. And now I'm looking for a couple of nudist hang-gliders who want to get married and then take off from the top of Table Rock.

"I'd do that one for free."

In officiating at weddings, King likes to put the bride and groom at ease by offering them a choice between a \$20 and a \$30 service. The difference?

"The \$30 dollar service comes with a ten-year warranty," he explains.

As for his work in the courtroom, it covers a variety of offenses on the roads, the Rogue River, and BLM land, but, typically, a dozen people show up of an afternoon to answer citations for traffic infractions. King may be the only



Bob King moved to the Rogue Valley from California to become "a tree-hugger and part-time Indian."

judge in the world who routinely pokes fun at himself, and the atmosphere before his bench is so informal that a former Gold Hill city councilor is rumored to have shown up once wearing only a coat, with nothing underneath.

"As long as she kept it buttoned up, I didn't see anything wrong with her being there," King says.

Was she protesting a traffic ticket? "No, she was just nuts."

IT'S KING'S conviction that, if there's dissatisfaction with the state's justice courts, the appropriate response isn't to abolish them, but to investigate the situation, with a view to possible reforms. In this, he has the backing of Jackson County sheriff C.W. Smith, who, as president of the state Sheriff's Association, testified against HB 2542 in committee.

"This legislation reflects [Edmunson's] personal interest in a vindictive way," Smith says. "It appears

to be the worst kind of legislation, because it's based on a personal experience."

Smith believes King's court provides a valuable service to the county's rural residents, by saving them a trip into Medford to face the more daunting atmosphere of district court. He points out, too, that King's trials, which are by appointment, make life a good deal easier for police officers, who don't have to hang around waiting to testify, as they often do in district court, at the taxpayers' expense.

The elimination of Jackson County justice court wouldn't pass unnoticed either by those who balance the county's books. This is because, in the first nine months of the current fiscal year, King's operation brought in over \$22,000 above its costs, according to county budget analyst Harvey Bragg. Indeed, in King's view, the state would have to be crazy to eliminate justice courts at the very moment when Ballot Measure 5 is forcing drastic economies in programs across the board.

"The services of justice courts are

provided at no cost in public funds," he says. "Get rid of them, though, and more district-court judges will be needed to handle the extra cases — at a \$100,000 a year each in salary and benefits."

MARK SCHIVELEY, a district-court judge in Medford, disagrees with King that the abolition of justice court would result in the addition of more judges. Noting that it's been 17 years since Jackson County got a new judge, Schiveley anticipates that King's caseload would simply be absorbed by the county's current judges, whom he describes as the most overburdened in the state.

Schiveley, who's never observed King at work, declines to comment on his court, but objects to King's contention that long personal acquaintance with life at the lower end of the income scale has somehow better fitted him to handle the cases of individuals who, for example, feel they have no choice but to drive to work without insurance, because they haven't got the money to

pay for it.

"Is he saying we shouldn't prosecute people who violate the law just because they're poor?" Schiveley asks. "I don't buy the argument that lay people bring more sensitivity to court. [Attorney] judges are human beings, too, and experienced with people who have problems."

King, however, stubbornly adheres to his belief in the importance of the contribution made by lay judges in humanizing an impersonal justice system.

"I have great respect for attorney judges," he says, "but there's a certain intimidation that comes with the comparative grandeur of the conditions they work in. What you find in my court, by comparison, is an accessibility that makes people more likely to open up.

"A lot of the people I deal with aren't bad," King adds. "They're just meatheads less equipped to deal with socioeconomic realities. I can relate to people who don't have enough money to pay a fine. I've been there myself." ☐



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Injured on the job

***Alex Dombrowski learned the hard way
that the cracks in the health-care system
are wide enough for anyone to fall through***

IF YOU'RE LIKE most people, you probably don't think much about your chances of being injured on the job. Or, if you do think about it, you probably take it for granted that, should a job-related injury leave you disabled, you'll be provided for by workers' compensation.

That, at all events, used to be the way Alex Dombrowski looked at things. A slightly built 42-year-old with a wry sense of humor and a rare gift for gardening, Dombrowski never figured any serious mishap would befall him at work and, when one did, he naturally looked to workers' comp to make things right. And today he sits in his home near Grants Pass without a job or any prospects of one, subject to frequent attacks of fierce crippling pain, and unable to pay for the only treatments that give him any relief.

What makes the cracks in the health-care system through which Dombrowski has fallen particularly disturbing to contemplate is that he wasn't working for some fly-by-night outfit when he suffered the injury that ruined his life. On the contrary, he had every reason to be confident he'd be taken care of, because his employer at the

time was the state of Oregon.

Seven years ago, Dombrowski, a former truck driver who grew up in the midwest, thought he had it made when he landed a job as a maintenance worker with the state Highway Division. The job suited him fine, not only because it meant a dependable paycheck and excellent benefits, but because he's not the type cut out by

from the loader, Dombrowski was trying to kick the coupling free with his boot when he lost his footing on the icy metal and fell. Only by holding fast to the overhead bar did he save himself from crashing to the ground. But, in bringing himself up short, he wrenched his shoulder and back, violently.

After the accident, Dombrowski didn't immediately realize anything serious had happened. He woke up the next morning in considerable pain, though, and the pain was destined to get so bad that days followed when he literally couldn't

raise himself up in bed.

The doctors said a disk in his spine had been pulled out of line. Worse still, they told him the disk was certain to degenerate, and that they couldn't do anything about it. When the pain took hold, chiropractic treatments alone did any good. And the relief these provided was only temporary.

There was never any question of the seriousness of Dombrowski's injury, or that it was entirely job-related. The claim he filed with the State Accident Insurance Fund (SAIF) wasn't disputed by the Highway Division, and SAIF, after examining the

**What's a 36% permanent
disability worth?**

Under \$10,000, according to SAIF

nature for life in an office or a shop. Not that he's some mountain man with a chip on his shoulder. He gets along with people well enough. He's just a lot more comfortable on his own, working with his hands out in the fresh air.

So, to Dombrowski, with a wife and two sons then in their teens, the future was looking pretty good, thanks to his job with the state. And then one cold day in November 1987, while he was at work, his crew chief asked him to uncouple a three-wheel loader from a truck.

Getting up on the truck's tailgate, and steadyng himself by holding on with one hand to a bar projecting overhead

evidence, pronounced him, in accordance with the arcane formulas by which it measures such things, 36% permanently disabled. By way of compensation, Dombrowski was awarded something less than \$10,000, of which 25% went immediately to his attorney. He says he didn't understand, when he accepted this money, that that was the last he was going to get.

BECAUSE of his injury, Dombrowski was restricted to lifting a maximum of 20 pounds. This meant that, in the intervals when he wasn't laid up, he was no longer able to do his work for the Highway Division. The injury also prevented him from remaining, seated or standing, in the same position for more than an hour or two, so the state, casting about for work he could handle, offered him a job manning a drawbridge in Astoria.

If this job had simply required him to pull the levers that open and close the bridge, Dombrowski would have taken it on the spot, though it involved the trouble of relocation. But there was also a long ladder he'd have had to climb down at regular intervals to service the bridge's mechanism and, after one look down it, Dombrowski knew that, even if he could get to the bottom, there was no way he could make it back up. He asked the state to find him something else.

Dombrowski left school after the 11th grade to go to work, which necessarily limited his choices of employment to begin with, and very much more so after his injury disqualified him for the kind of physical labor he'd been used to doing. All the same, the state didn't give up on him. It next found him a clerk's job in the Motor Vehicles Division. But, though this job was physically undemanding, it proved too

much for Dombrowski, too, because he just isn't endowed with the sort of temperament that enables a person to keep a lid on it with impatient members of the public across a counter in a government office. So stressful did Dombrowski find life at the DMV, in fact, that he suffered what his doctor said was a job-related heart attack. But his claim for compensation was rejected this time. The examiners decreed, once again after consulting their mysterious tables, that his problems with stress were 80% due to anxiety over finances and family, and not to his clerk's position.

SO, APPROACHING the age of 40, Dombrowski found himself out of work, virtually unemployable and, worst of all, without any medical coverage. Since SAIF will pay only for medical treatments related to his injured back and, since doctors have repeatedly told him they can't do anything for his back, Dombrowski is in effect without medical coverage even from SAIF.

To make matters worse, in 1990 the state Legislature, in overhauling the workers'-compensation system, excluded chiropractic treatments from coverage, beyond a limited number of visits. The exclusion applied not only to future but to preexisting injuries, so

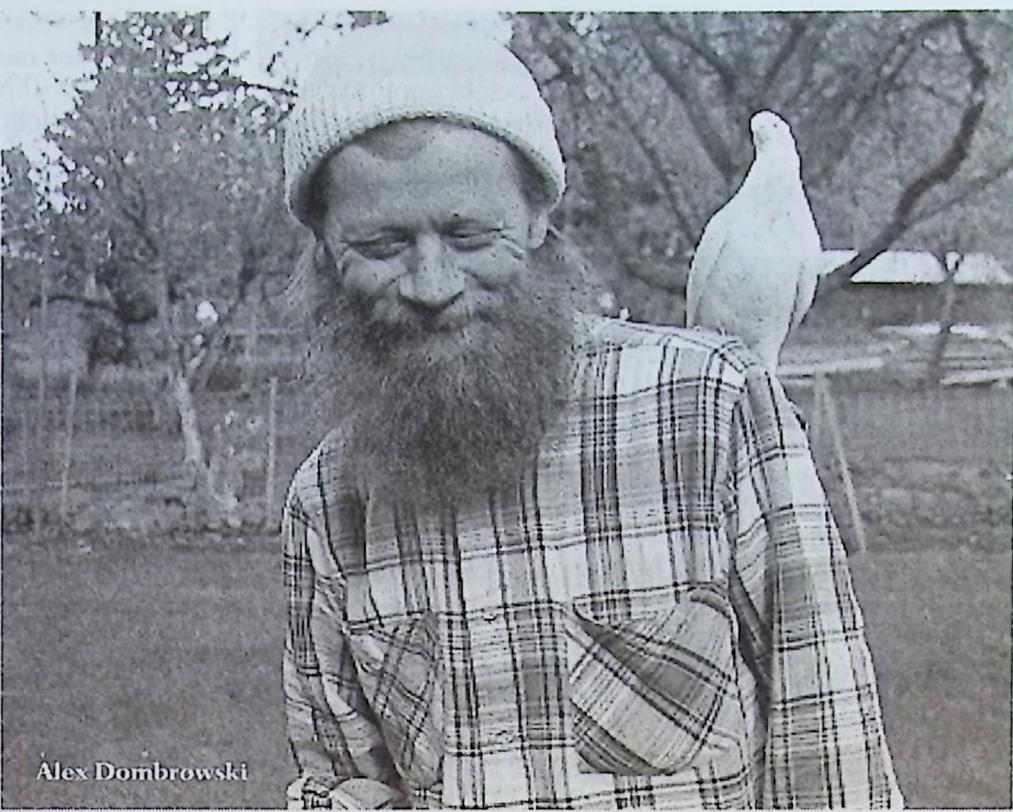
that, even though Dombrowski was hurt before the system was overhauled, SAIF will no longer pay for the chiropractic treatments that alone are effective against his pain.

Dombrowski's sons are both away now, in the navy. His wife works, but at a minimum-wage job. Though she brings home barely enough to keep the two of them going, paradoxically she brings home too much for them to qualify for welfare, to which in any event Dombrowski

feels an aversion. That leaves social security and, a year or so ago, Dombrowski filed a disability claim there that was eventually rejected, on grounds that his paperwork wasn't current enough. The rejection has been appealed, but the lawyer handling the appeal on contingency suddenly dropped it last month, telling Dombrowski that, since he isn't illiterate, incompetent, or in any other special category, just physically incapable of handling most jobs, he's not going to win.

To Dombrowski, all this is mystifying in the extreme. During the 20 years he worked for a living, he contributed, involuntarily, to social security and, through his employers, to the workers'-compensation system. And, since the latter has rated him 36% permanently disabled, he thinks he should be entitled, by way of compensation, at least to 36% of what he would have earned if he'd been able to keep on working till retirement age. But all he got from SAIF, once the lawyer's fee was deducted, was a paltry \$7,500.

Asked about Dombrowski's situation, Tom Towslee, the chief spokesman at SAIF's headquarters in Salem, says the workers'-compensation system exists only to compensate injured workers for time lost on the job, and to pay for medical treatments necessitated by job-



Alex Dombrowski

related injuries. According to Towslee, Dombrowski, like many injured workers, is proceeding from an unrealistic idea of the system and what it was created to do.

"Their expectations exceed what's possible," Towslee says. "Workers' comp isn't a welfare program."

All of which is cold comfort to Dombrowski as he contemplates the future between bouts of pain that have taken a heavy toll on him. Before he was injured, he weighed 135 pounds, and now he weighs just

105 — scarcely more than a small boy.

To keep busy, he tends his garden, does odd jobs for neighbors at which he can work at his own pace, tinkers with

typewriter — or anywhere else for that matter — for more than a few minutes at a time, without beginning to have problems with his back.

This month, unrepresented by an attorney, Dombrowski will try by himself to overturn the rejection of his social-security claim, but, even if

he's successful, it won't make that much difference to him.

"All I want is a job," he says. "I don't care what it pays. I want something to do with what's left of my life."

"People have unrealistic expectations of workers' comp. It's not a welfare program"

A prose poem by Morton Marcus

The armies encamped in the fields beyond the unfinished avenues

The decree announced that the avenues would not be finished, and we knew that all absences were permanent, that our hands were to remain open like the cisterns in the ruins beyond the city, where flies crawl back and forth on the dry clay.

"It is absurd to resist what cannot be resisted," we said and hung the banners from every window. We did not know how arrogant the strangers would be. "Learn to accept the unacceptable and you will survive," they said, and began organizing us into labor gangs.

In the manner of their speech, "absence" became the word we used to delineate those places where avenues went unfinished, and "absence" also came to describe the ocean, where all roads end. The dog without a leash was no longer called "freedom" but "separation" and "rupture," for we now saw it tottering from garbage can to garbage can in the alleys, eaten by flies that fed on its mouth. Night, and the rooster who ended it, we simply called "sky," enunciating the firmament's changing hues with many synonyms, from "everlasting absence" and "cosmic separation" to "eternal rupture."

But soon we were faced with a strange incoherence: our language became stronger than the people using it. An old man, addressed by the new expression for "good morning," crumbled to dust. A widow, calling her son to supper in a recently revised phrase of endearment, was ripped apart by a pack of wild dogs. And during the last election, mobs of voters, thinking they were obeying the new voting instructions, crowded the names of their choices like drunken choirs as they jiggled and curtsied around the polling places. After this incident — a situation the

strangers would not tolerate — plans for future elections were canceled, and whole neighborhoods were trucked into the desert and never heard of again.

The rubble piled up: scraps of old letters, broken plastic clocks, buttons and old batteries, rusting springs. War was imminent, the strangers announced, which was certainly a surprise to most of us, since we thought that war was what we were engaged in already.

What would have happened had not the janitor discovered the armies encamped in the fields beyond the unfinished avenues is pure conjecture. But children were already stopping on the street and for no reason hauling down their britches and shouting words at passersby that no one could understand.

"Where are you going? Back to your homes!" blared the loudspeakers on the trucks. "There is nothing there: no army! no fields! Absence exists beyond the avenues! Absence, separation — only that!"

Some turned back, but most of the crowd continued on, and we heard the murmurs from the people in front spreading back to us like ocean, until all of us stood beyond the concrete pilings of the unfinished avenues, laughing, applauding, crying, and pointing at the field beyond, where the soldiers, whose uniforms we did not recognize and who did not notice us, seemed to caper as they went about their chores, their violet, red, and yellow caps bobbing in the sunlit breeze.

*Morton Marcus teaches at Cabrillo College, in Santa Cruz, Calif. Among his books is *The Armies Encamped in the Fields Beyond the Unfinished Avenues* (Brown Bear Reprints, 1988), of which the above is the title poem.*

A foreign affair

John Houston keeps the peace when international tensions provoke heated debates at his seminar in Ashland

IT'S A GOOD thing John Houston stands six-foot-four. That makes it easier for him to keep emotions from getting out of hand during the often-intense meetings of the foreign-affairs seminar he conducts in Ashland.

Houston started the seminar in 1988, and has been its moderator ever since.

"We welcome the free exchange of ideas and try to respect each other's views," he says. "This is a terrific group of people — extremely well informed. They ask astute questions of our guest speakers."

Because of the often-explosive nature of the issues on the seminar's agenda, meetings — which typically attract 30 to 35 people — might well become rancorous at times, but for Houston's benign influence. At a recent meeting, the majority of those present appeared to be of the liberal persuasion, but several articulate attendees positioned to the right of center more than held their own.

Meetings frequently feature Southern Oregon State College faculty members who specialize in history, economics, or foreign affairs.

On May 6, Prof. Shamsul Alam will discuss the age-old tensions between India and Pakistan and, on May 20, Prof. Vicki Sturtevant will look at high-

risk children in the U.S. and abroad.

The seminar also draws on its own membership for speakers. This year, the group has heard from five distinguished retirees: Alan Erwin,

partisan educational organization founded in 1918 and based in New York City. The yearbook provides impartial analyses of important foreign-policy issues. Many participants in the seminar purchase it by way of preparation, but that's not essential.

Foreign affairs, with Houston, has been a lifelong passion.

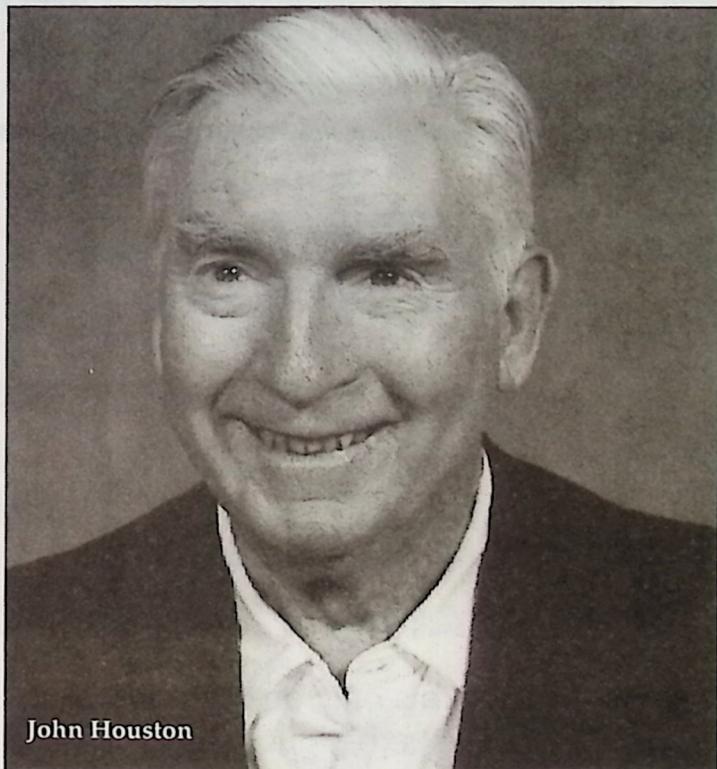
Formerly chairman of the political-science department at Knox College in Illinois, on his retirement in 1980 he settled with his wife, Polly, on Hilton Head Island, off the coast of South Carolina, where he soon became co-director of a discussion group similar to the one he now runs in Ashland.

It was homesickness that eventually brought the Houstons from South Carolina to the west coast.

"Much as we enjoyed those years at Hilton Head," he says, "we missed the west, and summers were nearly always spent there."

Houston grew up in Spokane, and his wife, a native of Seattle,

spent many of her early years in California. An Elderhostel experience at SOSC in 1987 helped them make up their minds to relocate, and Ashland became their new retirement home.



John Houston

formerly a lieutenant-colonel in the U.S. Air Force; Helen Althaus, an attorney; Steven Zenos, who was an engineer with IBM; Lyman Faulkner, formerly a colonel in the U.S. Army; and Houston, about whom more in a moment.

Discussions use as a springboard *Great Decisions*, the yearbook of the Foreign Policy Association, a non-

SCARCELY WERE their belongings out of the packing boxes when Houston made contact with

SOSC professors who shared his interests. His next step was to start the foreign-affairs seminar, which this spring celebrates its fifth anniversary.

"At first we were a handful, and met in private homes," Houston recalls, "but, as interest grew, we needed more space, and librarian Bob Wilson offered us the Gresham Room at the public library. That's where we continue to meet, usually twice a month."

The meetings are free, and open to the public, and Houston runs them with the genial confidence of a man whose background includes a degree in economics and a master's degree in international relations, both from Stanford University, and a doctorate in political science from the University of Michigan.

AS FOR firsthand experience of foreign affairs, Houston got plenty of that while serving in the U.S. Navy during World War II, for part of the time on the staff of Admiral William "Bull" Halsey, who commanded naval forces in the South

Pacific.

Curiously enough, though born and raised in Washington state, Houston, because of his love of the works of William Faulkner, for years cherished a desire to live in the deep south.

That desire was realized in 1949, when he was offered a teaching post at the University of Mississippi, in Faulkner's own hometown of Oxford.

"I never had the privilege of actually meeting him," Houston says with a smile, "but I did see him from time to time in the distance."

In Oxford, Houston became friends with James Silver, who chaired the history department at the university, and who, in 1964, would publish *Mississippi: The Closed Society*, a chronicle of the racial turmoil sparked by the U.S. Supreme Court decision in 1954 that led to the desegregation of the public schools.

In the same year the Supreme Court was handing down its watershed ruling in *Brown vs. Board of Education*, the Houston family moved to Galesburg, Ill., where he joined the faculty of Knox

College.

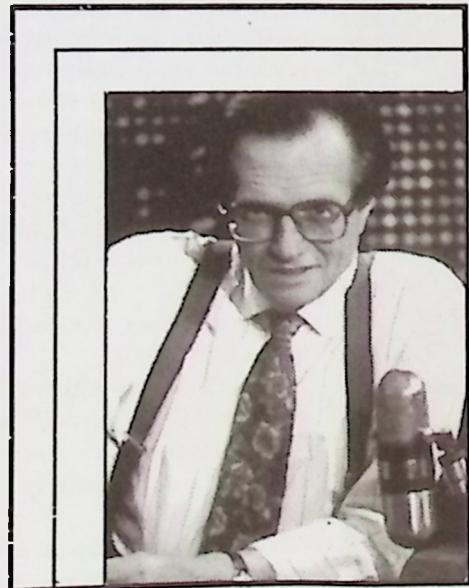
Houston's book *Latin America In the United Nations*, published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, reflects an interest in the UN dating from the organization's birth in San Francisco, in 1945. Houston was able to follow the birth pangs from close up, as he was stationed in San Francisco at the time, with the navy.

LAST MARCH, in Salem, Houston attended the annual conference of the Oregon United Nations Association, on whose board he sits.

The conference focused primarily on the UN's peacekeeping efforts.

"They're the wave of the future, but they're very expensive," Houston says. "It worries me that the UN is pretty badly strapped financially. Too many members — including the United States — are in arrears with their dues."

With trouble spots threatening to flare into three-alarm fires all over the globe, there shouldn't be any lack of hot topics when Houston's foreign-affairs seminar reconvenes in the fall.



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Clearwater and Latissimus

BY ALISON BAKER

SCHOOL HAD been in session for a couple of weeks when Miss Nancy told us the Siamese twins would be in our class. She said we should be kind. "We want them to feel at home, don't we," she said. I was in love with Miss Nancy, who was large and flat and had browny-gold hair curled up around her face. "We want them to live happy, normal lives." How anyone could expect this is beyond me now, but every six-year-old nodded solemnly, gazing at Miss Nancy's curls as she nodded too.

The next morning the first thing we saw was the double wheelchair, a frightening object in itself, parked at the end of the second row of desks. A colored boy with a huge forehead sat in it, propped up with pillows, and another one, with a normal-sized head, sat so close they seemed to be hugging each other. This one was grinning, and he had the whitest teeth I had ever seen.

Their names were Clearwater and Latissimus Dorsey, and they were joined at the chest. The doctors said that one heart kept the blood circulating through both bodies, and that it was mostly inside Clearwater. Which was a shame, because Clearwater was the dim one: sweet, always smiling, he never said a word until he was four years old, and that's all that ever came — an occasional word, a phrase, a sigh, a movement of the hands. He was said to have water on the brain, and his head was misshapen; he lay back smiling,

weak, perhaps paler than his twin, though they were both chocolate-brown, with gleaming black hair.

Latissimus was bright, active, and loud. "I can walk," he said to each child who came in the door. "It's Clearwater who can't. I can walk beside him if I want to." No one answered him. We sat down in our chairs, and tried not to look at the place where the Siamese twins were attached. Binky Pilcher was so nervous he wet his pants. Miss Nancy sent him down to the nurse's office so the nurse could call his mother to bring dry clothes. Nobody laughed at him.

"I wouldn't pee my pants," Latissimus said in a loud voice. "It's Clearwater who never got toilet-trained. If I peed my pants it would break my mama's heart."

Barbara Nixon whispered that Latissimus looked like a baby bird, chirping and blinking and looking around. "Clearwater," she said, "is still an egg."

BY THE END of the week everyone was a Siamese twin. All over the playground children were smushed up against each other's chests, walking sideways, playing Siamese hopscotch, climbing the monkey bars in pairs. After a while someone decided you could be joined anywhere; then people walked around with their big toes together, or their hind ends, or the tops of their heads. Streams of Siamese twins passed down

Elm Street on the way home from school, hip to hip, cheek to cheek, knee to knee. Wherever you were joined, though, was the place your heart was. You always shared a heart with your Siamese twin.

AT RECESS Latissimus held center stage, Clearwater smiling beside him. "I am probably a mathematical genius," Latissimus said happily to the table full of first-graders. "It's the one thing my mama has to be thankful for." Clearwater clutched his milk carton, sucking the milk up through the straw; from time to time Latissimus gave him a piece of graham cracker. Clearwater, his heavy head against the pillow, couldn't lean forward far enough to pick it up himself.

"What's that?" Barbara asked.

"I can do square roots," Latissimus said. He wiped soggy graham crackers off his brother's face.

"Can't you ever be by yourself?" Jack Turnbull asked.

"Can't you even go to the bathroom by yourself?" Ricky Bob Pugh asked; and no one snickered, because we were dying to find out.

"Nope," said Latissimus. He grinned around the table, showing his exotic pink gums. Suddenly he leaned over and kissed Barbara right on the mouth.

Barbara screamed and wiped her mouth ferociously on her sleeve. Everyone else screamed too.

"First comes love," we chanted. "Then comes marriage." We faltered; it was difficult to imagine Barbara pushing a baby carriage and the double wheelchair.

"I kiss anybody who want it," Latissimus said happily. "I am the Kiss King."

THE KIWANIS paid for Latissimus to take a special class in calculus over at the high school, and Mr. Stevens of Wendell Stevens Pine Furniture let Mr. Prince Albert Franklin, the colored man who worked for him, use the delivery truck to drive the twins up there. Every Thursday two of us got to wheel them out the classroom door and down to the front entrance, and wait there with them till Mr. Prince Albert came.

Mr. Prince Albert was the tallest man in town. His

legs were like broomsticks, and he towered above us as he stalked down the sidewalk to the door. He was so black he was purple, like the mulberries the starlings pooped all over the sidewalks in the fall, and your heart just about stopped if he looked at you. "How are these sugarboys?" he said every time. "You have a good day in school?"

"We had music today," Latissimus would tell him. Or, "We did Thanksgiving turkeys."

"Is that so," Mr. Prince Albert would say. Clearwater made his little mewing sounds, and Mr. Prince Albert patted him on the head.

Then he turned to us. "These are your bearers today?" he said, gazing down upon us. "Your servitors of the hour?" We nodded proudly and pushed the chair to the curb where Mr. Prince Albert had put the ramp down from the back of the truck. We pushed it up the ramp, with Mr. Prince Albert giving us a hand, and he lashed it in place with a canvas belt, right behind the driver's seat. "An excellent job," he would say to us in the gloom of the truck. "You will be rewarded hereafter."

And we ran down the ramp, which he pulled up behind us like a drawbridge, and we watched from the sidewalk as they drove away before we went back to the classroom, strangely empty without the Siamese twins.

ITHINK," MY mother said, taking a long drag of her Kent cigarette, "it is a sin."

Auntie Toots leaned over and stuck a new cigarette on the end of my mother's and drew on it till it glowed. On mornings after she'd been there I picked her cigarette butts out of the ashtrays and sucked off the lipstick, pretending I was shorthaired and skinny and gorgeous, just like her. "The risk was too great," she said.

"What kind of life can it be?" my mother said. She sounded angry. "They should have been separated at birth."

"Who would have got the heart?" Auntie Toots said. She got up and dropped more ice cubes in their glasses and poured more Scotch.

"That's why LaVonda should have done it then," my mother said. "Before she got attached to them."

"Right," Auntie Toots said. "What if it had been Vera and Birdie? And you had to choose one or the

other."

I held my breath; but suddenly they looked up, to where I was joined at the waist to the bannister on the landing. "Who's out of bed?" my mother said sharply.

"Nothing," I said, confused. And after Auntie Toots had gotten me a glass of water, and my mother had tucked me back in, I lay back on my pillow and stared into the dark. My head felt funny; I felt like Clearwater. I imagined my sister Birdie beside me, stuck to my chest and breathing asthmatically into my face. I imagined Dr. Wells standing beside us, a carving knife raised over his head.



THE SIAMESE twins were late getting back from Christmas vacation. "I've got my own heart!" Latissimus shouted as they came in the door. They had a new wheelchair; Clearwater was still strapped in among pillows, but instead of sitting on the other side Latissimus walked between the wheels, holding onto a bar and pushing the chair himself.

They had been to specialists in Chicago. "Right here," Latissimus said, pointing to where they were joined. "There's *two* hearts, right together. One for each of us." With their sophisticated equipment the big-city doctors had detected a second heartbeat, faint but distinct.

"Does that mean you'll get separated?" Barbara asked. She was Latissimus's girlfriend now, but she still screamed when he kissed her. I hated her; I had fallen out of love with Miss Nancy and into love with Latissimus.

"Maybe," Latissimus said. He leaned over and checked Clearwater's lap belt. "Look at this chair. I'm supposed to get lots of exercise."

Latissimus not only pushed the new chair, he ran with it, careering down the halls, tearing across the gymnasium floor. He joined in handicap races, with Clearwater as the handicap. When spring came he even played softball with us, under new rules he made up himself: when he was at bat, the pitcher had to be extra-gentle, and when he got a hit, the fielders had to count to seven before throwing the ball, to give him a head start. It was only fair. Latissimus made it sometimes, too, racketing into

first base, Clearwater bouncing and screaming in delight.

One day during recess I ran inside to go to the rest room, and Clearwater and Latissimus were just coming out of the boys' room. I was suddenly shy; I had never been alone with them before.

"Hi, Vera," said Latissimus.

"Hi," I said. Up close I could see that his eyelashes were actually curly.

"My heart is getting very strong," he said. He and Clearwater came close to where I stood waiting for them to leave so I could go into the girls' room. "Do you want to feel my heartbeat?"

I could not speak, but he took it as assent, a trait I have since recognized in other men. "Here." He took my hand and placed it on their chest, on the seam where their t-shirts were sewn together. "Can you feel it, Vera?" Latissimus asked, looking anxiously into my eyes. "Can you feel which one is mine?"

"I think so," I whispered. I could feel only heat, the heat from their bodies and from my own hot hand; but it was the first gift a boy had ever offered me, and I didn't want him to be disappointed.

"It's getting very strong," he said again. He reached over and kissed my lips, and he smelled like grass that has sat for a day in the sun. "You can be my girlfriend too," he said, and I smiled at Clearwater, who was smiling at me.



WHAT NO ONE had expected was that as Latissimus got stronger, so did Clearwater. One day Miss Nancy noticed that Clearwater was watching her pointer as she tapped it across the blackboard, pointing at new words. "Why, Latissimus!" she said, "Clearwater is paying attention!"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," Latissimus said. "He pays attention to everything." We all stared at Clearwater, and before our eyes he changed. Or, rather, we saw that he *had* changed. Instead of smiling at anything, now he smiled at *things*: at Miss Nancy's pointer, at the bell for recess, into the eyes of Jill Redenbaugh when she handed him a crayon. He didn't use the crayon, but he looked at it, and he turned it over to look at the other end.

"I believe his color is a little better, too," said Miss

Nancy, and then she blushed and said quickly, "He looks so healthy."

It was true: his skin, that used to hold a touch of grey, a hint of *pale*, was dark and shiny, like his twin's.

By the end of the school year Clearwater was sitting up straight and drawing pictures on manila paper while we practiced printing words. He drew the same thing again and again: a big round head with little circle eyes and stick limbs poking out of it, the kind of people we had all drawn long ago, when we were young. "They look like Clearwater," Jack Turnbull said; but when we laughed and turned to look, we saw it wasn't true anymore. Clearwater was filling out. His head used to look huge above his useless little body, his skinny arms and legs; but now his arms were rounded with muscles from reaching for crayons, and his neck was full and sinewy.

Latissimus looked up from the equations he was working on his own paper. "He wears my same size now," he said, and we saw that Clearwater and Latissimus were more than just Siamese twins; they were identical, the same size, the same color, the same bright and chirpy look. If they hadn't been stuck together, if they could have changed sides now and then, we might never have told them apart again.

ON THE LAST day Latissimus told us that he and Clearwater were moving to Chicago. "Mr. Prince Albert Franklin driving us up in the truck," he said. "Us and our furniture and our mama. She got a new job there."

We had heard of Chicago; the only rock 'n' roll station Venice could pick up came from Chicagoland. But none of us had ever been there.

"That's a big city, isn't it, Latissimus?" said Miss Nancy. "It will be different living there."

"We going to school at a university," Latissimus said. "Everybody is smart there."

"Clearwater too?" someone said.

"Might be. Probably." Latissimus grinned.

"We'll miss you, Clearwater and Latissimus," Miss Nancy said. She walked over and hugged them both.

"Will you miss us?" Jack called.

Latissimus leaned his head to one side and shrugged, and Clearwater, grinning, shrugged too.

"Might be," Latissimus said. "Mama says we be happier among our own kind."

"I doubt they'll get another girlfriend," Barbara said as we walked home.

"No," I said. "We're it forever." We joined ourselves at the elbow and skipped the rest of the way.

WE DIDN'T hear much about them after they left. Auntie Toots heard from someone at work that they were settled into a nice apartment, close enough for Latissimus to walk them to school, and that the doctors were treating them free of charge because they were such an interesting case. When you are young the people you love become blurred in your recollection, because you are adding so many more as you go along. When we went back to school in the fall we were no longer the babies of the school, we were second-graders, and we had a new teacher, and new responsibilities.

So we never asked, and were never told, about the operation that would separate Clearwater and Latissimus; the operation that made them healthy, normal boys. Clearwater, on his own, learned to draw more realistic people, and to read, and to run; and Latissimus, free at last, ran faster, and slowly lost his aptitude for numbers, and dropped out of high school and lost himself in the streets; and Clearwater became a janitor.

Or the operation was not a success. It was Clearwater alone who survived, and who lost the little progress he'd made in his few months with us, and sits now, as we all enter middle age, tied alone in the wheelchair, with a vague dim impression in his feeble mind that once he was connected to something bright and loud, and raced to first base amid cheers.

We never heard. And when they became indistinct, and forgotten, we were left with an impression that had something to do with Latissimus's last words to us: that he and Clearwater would be happy in Chicago, among their own kind. It didn't occur to us that he meant anything besides this: that Chicago was a city of Siamese twins, where everybody had someone who shared his heart.

Alison Baker lives in Rogue River. Her short-story collection, *How I Came West, and Why I Stayed*, will be published this year by Chronicle Books.

The end of O&C funds?

Counties long dependent on timber revenue fear it could disappear with resolution of the forest crisis

BY GORDON GREGORY

REGIONAL OFFICIALS fear the Clinton administration's determination to resolve the forest crisis could mean an end to the timber receipts on which the counties in western Oregon have long depended.

Almost everyone believes resolution of the crisis will result in smaller timber harvests, but no one yet knows how steep the reductions will be, or if the administration will seek to replace the lost timber receipts with some form of federal subsidy.

"It's not a pretty picture," Ray Doerner says.

Doerner is executive director of the Association of O&C Counties (AOC), which is made up of the 18 counties that yearly divvy up around \$100 million generated mostly from logging.

Most of the timber money that winds up in county coffers comes from harvests on the U.S. Bureau of Land Management's 2.5 million acres in the region, and there's no question that environmental considerations will result in a sharp decline in BLM timber sales.

The BLM is already planning to lower the harvest level from 1.1 billion to 595 million board feet a year, but many doubt that the latter figure is realistic, particularly in light of the recent findings of a team of scientists.

The team, assembled by the U.S. Forest Service at the behest of the federal judge who enjoined logging in spotted-owl habitat, concluded that the BLM's harvest plans present significant threats to the owl, and that the agency's owl-protection strategy conflicts with and jeopardizes others being developed by the Forest Service and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

What makes these conclusions especially ominous for the BLM is President Clinton's promise that the federal government will take a unified approach to forest management.

If the BLM is forced to revise its harvest plans further downward, O&C receipts would drop even lower than current projections, and this could result in a huge funding crisis, because O&C receipts have for many years allowed county governments to minimize their dependence on property taxes.

Thanks to O&C receipts, Jackson County, for example, levies from property owners for its general operations only around 25 cents per thousand of assessed valuation.

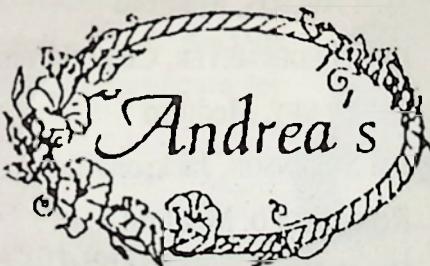
FOR THE PAST several years, the federal government has subsidized counties against the effects of declining timber revenues, but Doerner doubts that a Congress itself facing huge budget shortfalls will continue these subsidies.

The AOC has a proposal of its own it hopes Congress will consider, one that calls, among other things, for a mandated timber-sale level over the next two or three years that's legally protected from environmental challenges. But the likelihood that this proposal will get serious consideration isn't great, given the fact that, as Curry County commissioner and AOC president Rocky McVay pointed out before last month's forest summit in Portland, only one county commissioner, Dave Schmidt from Linn County, was invited to participate in the summit's panel discussions.

McVay is worried that timber revenues to the AOC counties could literally disappear next year, without federal help.

"We're going to be out of money," he says. "We'll be devastated. Unfortunately, it appears the train's going to have to wreck" before Washington begins to consider how changes in forest management affect county revenues.

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EXCERPT

Rosey's

BY BAILEY WHITE

The other day Mama made up her mind she wanted some smoked mullet.

"Does this mean we have to go down to Rosey's?" I asked.

"Yep," she said.

Rosey's is a tough juke joint on the edge of the marsh in an old-fashioned part of Florida. Tourists don't go there; they've got more sense. At Rosey's you never know whether you're drunk or not because the floors wave up and down anyway. The foundations are sagging. You can eat inside if you can take the smoke, or you can eat outside and throw your fish bones down to some rough-looking pelicans who squat like vultures under the porch. Ernest Hemingway went there once, but the

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atmosphere was too much for him.

I don't like to go to Rosey's. I'm always afraid some of those people shooting pool in the back will think I'm the one who chose that goofy song that's playing on the jukebox, put down their pool cues, and beat me up. But Mama doesn't notice. She just likes the smoked mullet.

We sat inside. I was afraid Mama might lose her balance on the porch, tip off the edge, and get eaten up by the pelicans. I crept up to the counter to order. I kept my head down and tried not to swing my arms. "One order of smoked mullet, and one unsweet iced tea, please," I said. Rosey flung the mullet onto a plate, then lifted the scum off the top of the tea with one finger and flicked it on the floor. "Don't get much orders for iced tea," she said.

Mama ate her mullet and I drank my tea. Pretty soon I had to go to the bathroom. There was a sign that said Restrooms over two doors. One of the doors said Men, and the other one said Men. I didn't like to ask. "I'll ask," said Mama. And she headed up to the counter.

When Mama starts to move across a room, people pay attention. You can never be sure she's not going to grab you by the top of the head to steady herself. And she's pretty free with that walking stick, too. The room grew quiet. I don't know whether it was the faltering gait or the look in her eye or the mismatched safety pins holding her glasses together or the Band-Aid with the "Sesame Street" characters on it on her arm, but by the time she got to the counter, everybody was watching.

"Where's the bathroom?" she said. "The women's bathroom." She paused. "My daughter," she pointed with her walking stick, "my daughter wants to know."

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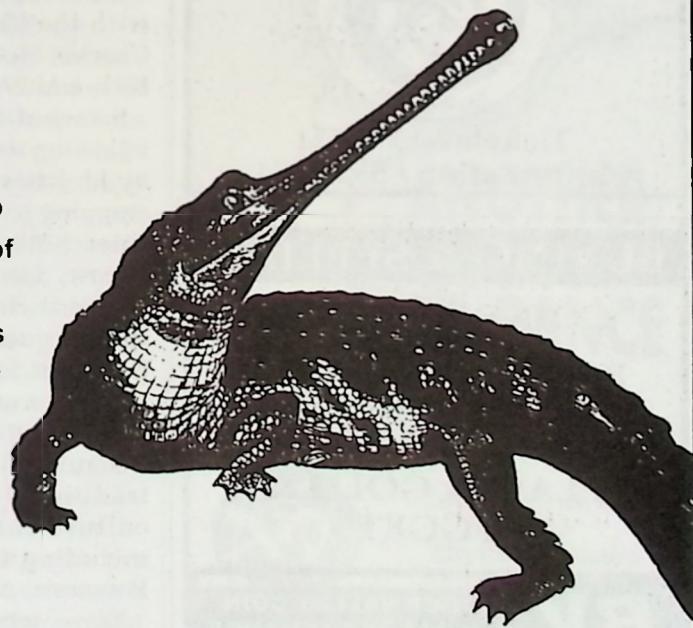
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RECORDINGS

JOHN BAXTER



Shell game

MARSHALL McLUHAN was right, at least where music is concerned.

The communications guru predicted some 30 years ago that the electronic media, with their ever-increasing reach, would make once-distant cultures interactive neighbors in a "global village" — and hardly was the prediction out of his mouth when the Beatles began dabbling in Indian classical music. Later, Paul Simon, Peter Gabriel, and the Talking Heads all helped turn Western listeners on to African pop music (itself influenced by American Jazz, soul, and rock). And now the CD bins are overflowing with reggae, African pop of all varieties, and the latest pop records from Brazil.

That the global village is connecting diverse cultures across time as well as space is proved by contemporary jazz trombonist Steve Turre and his collection of — believe it or not — seashells.

Turre is probably best known for his work as a member of G.E. Smith's band on TV's "Saturday Night Live," but he's also one of the busiest 'bone players in jazz. In addition to performing as leader on four releases of his own, he's gigged with the likes of Van Morrison, Ray Charles, McCoy Tyner, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, and Woody Shaw.

So what's a musician who's been following the jazz-trombone trail blazed by J.J. Johnson and Curtis Fuller doing stopping to fool with seashells? In the liner notes to his remarkable new release, *Sanctified Shells* (Antilles), Turre makes it clear that his is nothing less than a quest for the roots of music. Seashells, he explains, have been used to make music since prehistoric times; they're the ancestors of all brass instruments, and they figure in the traditional music of virtually every culture influenced by the oceans, including the music of Japan, India, Polynesia, Africa, and the Caribbean.

Turre, who's collected shells from all over the world, plays them by inserting into them a trombone-like mouthpiece.

He plays them solo, layered in overdubbed shell choirs, and with fellow trombonists.

One listen to *Sanctified Shells* is enough to convince you that what we have here is no mere gimmick — no campy neo-Martin Denny exotica. This CD is Turre's own version of the global village and, within its limits, such jazz standouts as trombonist Robin Eubanks, drummer Herlin Riley, and trumpeters Charlie Sepulveda and the late Dizzy Gillespie stand cheek by jowl with African drummer Kimati Dinizulu, tabla player Badal Roy, and the legendary *conguero* Milton Cardona. As for the music, it ranges from salsa and soulful gospel to Indian ragas and African dance rhythms, but the Latin influence is strongest, no doubt because Turre is of Mexican-American descent. Moreover, his inclinations toward things Latin are reinforced by the presence of Cardona, Sepulveda, Andy Gonzalez (of the avant-Latin Fort Apache Band), and the late Gillespie, one of the major innovators of Afro-Cuban jazz.

On *Sanctified Shells*, Turre's shell choirs often serve as a kind of timbral counterpart to brash salsa horn arrangements. And under everything is a solid bedrock of percussion — the fuel of salsa. Indeed, "Macho," a composition in which Turre plays brilliant and complex melodic improvisations on a shell, is dedicated to the legendary Afro-Cuban percussionist Frank "Machito" Grillo.

OTHER MUSICAL influences are in evidence on this recording. "Toreador," the track featuring Gillespie, echoes the arrangements on Miles Davis "Sketches of Spain." "Gumbo" hangs in a funky shuffle groove. And the three interludes called "African Shell" are brilliant duets in which Turre's multiple overdubbed shell parts are propelled by Dinizulu's African percussion.

But I've left you in suspense too long as regards the most important question of all — how Turre's shells sound. I'd describe them as having a velvety voice, with haunting overtones — something between a muted trombone and a flute. And, though shells as individual instruments don't have as large a range as the trumpet or trombone, Turre manages all the same to extract complex solos from them, changing the pitch largely by varying the shape of his hand

at the open end. He also often stacks the shell parts into overdubbed choirs, artfully arranging their various pitch shadings and assigning them the role of a standard horn section.

The immemorial musical history of shells lends a strange familiarity to their sound, and enables Turre to transcend mere novelty and craft music that feels *right*, as if it's been with us all along.

The seashell's ancient voice, in this age of synthesizers, samplers, and processed music, sings to us in ways that are uniquely human. And its presence in the musical traditions of so many diverse cultures carries with it the haunting suggestion that McLuhan's global village may have been in existence a little longer than he suspected.

John Baxter is JPR's associate director of broadcasting for programming.

BOOKS
STEPHEN BAILY

Everybody needs somebody to hate

Hate on Trial, by Morris Dees and Steve Fiffer. Villard Books: 280 pages; \$21.

OF THE VARIETIES of the mental disease called romanticism, racism is of necessity the deadliest. This is because, in investing the objects of its passion with imaginary qualities, it prefers the demonic to the angelic. Lovemitten poets are merely sappy; racists — their evil twins — carry saps. Hence the "gunshots" a woman in Portland reported hearing under her window, late one night in November 1988. The police, on arriving, at once discovered her mistake. What she'd heard was, not gunfire, but the sound of Mulugeta Seraw's skull exploding when Kenneth Mieske, alias Ken Death, shattered it with a baseball bat.

Arrested not long afterwards, Mieske, a skinhead, in hopes of getting off with a lighter sentence, pleaded guilty to

murder, and admitted that he'd killed Seraw, a student from Ethiopia who was a complete stranger to him, solely because Seraw was black. At which point the incident would have faded from the newspapers if a police officer disturbed that "the feds couldn't care less about skinheads" hadn't alerted the Southern Poverty Law Center, a private organization in Alabama that monitors hate groups, to the existence of a demonstrable connection between Mieske and a virulently racist outfit in southern California called White Aryan Resistance (WAR). The Center — which would have had a lot less to monitor in the last decade if the Reagan and Bush administrations hadn't for the basest political motives connived at a resurgence of racism — takes a wickedly simple approach to groups like WAR, when it can tie them to lynchings and murders. On behalf of the victims' families, it sues them for damages, with the avowed aim of bankrupting them. Though it suffers from excessive reliance on the techniques of pulp fiction, and reads for the most part as if it had been written for high-school students, *Hate on Trial*, the story of the Center's successful suit against WAR and its leader Tom Metzger, recalls in striking ways a famous case from the last century on which Dostoyevsky based an even more famous novel. In the part of Nechayev, it has Dave Mazzella, who, as a violence-prone 19-year-old skinhead with a troubled family history, was sent by Metzger to Portland to recruit for WAR. Racism, for Mazzella, was mostly a form of therapy. It made him feel better about himself to have Metzger's constant assurance that, whatever his own inadequacies, he was an aristocrat by comparison to those cockroaches, the members of other races. Tragically, it took Seraw's murder, in which he had no direct part, but for which he pumped Mieske up, to force Mazzella to see himself without illusions. By no means unintelligent, he saw, too, how in his weakness he'd been manipulated by Metzger and, repudiating his teacher, provided the Center's Morris Dees, at considerable risk to himself, with the testimony Dees needed to convince a jury that Metzger was much more than just a crank abusing freedom of speech.

But if Dees is effective in rendering

Mazzella's fitful transformation — punctuated by lapses back into bad company in Medford and time in the Jackson County jail — from a possessed Nechayev into a penitent Raskolnikov, he fares less well in his treatment of Metzger, whom he describes as "strutting," "smug," and "deeply evil," without making a sufficient effort to get to the bottom of him. True, it may be only romanticism of another sort to expect to find lurking under the toupee of a "celebrity" like Metzger, for whom racism has been a profitable racket, any motive less commonplace than lust for a buck. But, though it would doubtless have proved as futile as interrogating Iago, it's a pity that Dees, while he had him on the stand, didn't press Metzger — an expert witness if ever there was one — for a satisfactory answer to the question that haunts our century.

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AT A GLANCE

Specials this Month

CLASSICS & NEWS SERVICE KSOR / KSRS

The Lyric Opera of Chicago's 1993 broadcast season begins on Saturday, May 1, at 10:30 a.m. with a performance of Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*. The Lyric will also perform the world premiere of William Bolcom's opera *McTeague*, on Saturday, May 22, at 10:30 a.m.

The Baltimore Symphony's Casual Concerts, hosted by conductor David Zinman, continue Sundays at 2 p.m.

Rhythm & News Service KSMF / KSBA / KSKF / KAGI / KNCA

New Orleans '93, four hours of highlights from the 1993 New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, airs Saturday, May 29, at 1 p.m. Join us for traditional and contemporary jazz, gospel, R&B, cajun, zydeco, and Afro-Caribbean music, as well as interesting vignettes from this annual festival devoted to the unique culture of Louisiana.

News & Information Service KSJK

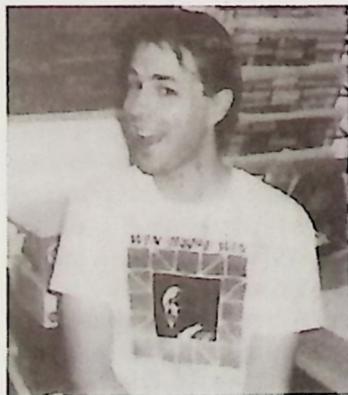
Horizons presents an interview with feminist pioneer Betty Friedan on Saturday, May 15, at 10 a.m. On Tuesday, May 18, at 1 p.m., Canadian journalist Bob Carty takes *Soundprint* listeners to Mexico City, a vast experiment in what happens when an immense population lives with intense pollution.

Volunteer Profile

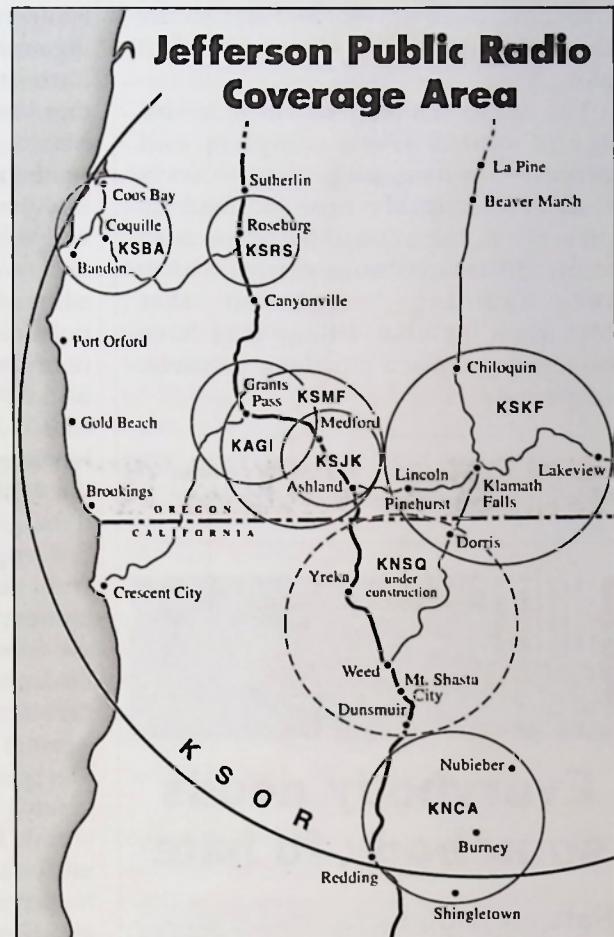
MARK WORKHOVEN has been one of the main student workers in the Jefferson Public Radio newsroom. He showed up in the newsroom three years ago with no experience, and has earned a place as one of the most trusted news anchors on the *Jefferson Daily*. He comes from North Bend, Ore., and will graduate in June with a degree in communications.

While Mark has tried his hand in other parts of our radio operation, his first love is news. He has quickly learned how to ask questions that get to the heart of an issue. He has a keen nose for news, something that any good reporter needs. Or maybe he's just real nosy about other people's business. That's a close call.

There are many afternoons during the production of the *Jefferson Daily* that end up in a



discussion about some hot political topic. Mark always brings humor and insight into the discourse and makes us all think a little harder about other points of view.



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News & Information

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Includes weather for the region and Russell Sadler's Oregon Outlook commentaries.

7:00am-Noon • First Concert

Classical music, with hosts Pat Daly and Peter Van De Graaff. Includes: NPR news at 7:01 and 8:01, *Star Date* at 7:35 am, *Marketplace Morning Report* at 8:35 am, *As It Was* at 9:30, and the *Calendar of the Arts* at 9:55 am

Noon-12:15pm • NPR News, Regional Weather and Calendar of the Arts**12:15-4:00pm • Siskiyou Music Hall**

Classical Music, hosted by Russ Levin. Includes *As It Was* at 1:00 pm and *Star Date* at 3:30 pm.

4:00-4:30pm • All Things Considered

The latest news from NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and Noah Adams. Continues at 5:00 pm.

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Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine, with regional news, interviews, features and commentary.

5:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered**6:30-7:00pm • Marketplace**

The day's business and financial news, with host Jim Angle.

7:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

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Saturday**6:00-8:00am • Weekend Edition**

National and international news from NPR, including analysis from NPR's senior news analyst, Daniel Schorr.

8:00-10:30am • First Concert

Classical music to start your weekend, hosted by Pat Daly and John Baxter. Includes *Nature Notes* with Dr. Frank Lang at 8:30am, *Calendar of the Arts* at 9:00am, *As It Was* at 9:30am and *Speaking of Words* with Wen Smith at 10:00am.

10:30-2:00pm • The Metropolitan Opera

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2:00-4:00pm • The Chicago Symphony

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Michael Barone's weekly program devoted to music for the pipe organ.

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Sunday**6:00-8:00am • Weekend Edition**

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Liane Hansen – and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

8:00-9:30am • Millennium of Music

Robert Aubrey Davis surveys the rich – and largely unknown – treasures of European music up to the time of J.S. Bach.

9:30-11:00am • St. Paul Sunday Morning

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11:00-2:00pm • Siskiyou Music Hall

Thomas Price brings you music from Jefferson Public Radio's classical library.

2:00-4:00pm • Beginning April 24: The Baltimore Symphony Casual Concerts

This series presents David Zinman's answer to demystifying the classics, as he serves as both comedian and guide through the world of classical music. His sometime zany Saturday morning "Casual Concerts" are becoming legendary with concertgoers.

4:00-5:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest news from NPR.

5:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

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Program Highlights for May

* indicates composer's birthday

First Concert

May 3 M SIBELIUS: En Saga
May 4 T LISZT: Piano Concerto No. 1
May 5 W HANDEL: "Tra le Fiamme"
May 6 Th KROMMERM: Concerto for 2 clarinets
*May 7 F BRAHMS: Handel Variations
May 10 M MENDELSSOHN: Piano Trio No. 2
May 11 T HAYDN: Symphony No. 76
May 12 W BARTOK: Piano Concerto No. 2
May 13 Th KALLIWODA: Oboe Concertino
May 14 F RESPIGHI: Church Windows
May 17 M BEETHOVEN: Clarinet Trio
May 18 T RACHMANINOV: Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini
May 19 W MOZART: Symphony No. 29
May 20 Th KODALY: Harry Janos Suite
May 21 F DVORAK: Symphonic Variations

May 24 M HAYDN: Piano Sonata in C
May 25 T TCHAIKOVSKY: Romeo and Juliet
May 26 W DVORAK: Violin Sonatina
May 27 Th COPLAND: Rodeo
May 28 F BEETHOVEN: String Quartet Op. 18 No. 6

May 31 M MOZART: Flute Concerto

Siskiyou Music Hall

May 3 M DELLO JOIO: Meditations on Ecclesiastes
May 4 T SCHUBERT: Piano Sonata in A
May 5 W DVORAK: Violin Sonata in F
May 6 Th HAYDN: Symphony No. 40, "London"
*May 7 F TCHAIKOVSKY: Piano Concerto No. 1
May 10 M DEBUSSY: String Quartet
May 11 T QUANTZ: Flute Concerto in D
May 12 W MAHLER: Symphony No. 10; Adagio
May 13 Th BEETHOVEN: Piano Sonata in E, Op. 109
May 14 F STRAUSS: Horn Concerto No. 2
May 17 M LISTZ: Les Preludes
May 18 T MOZART: Quintet in C
May 19 W STRAVINSKY: Petrushka
May 20 Th SCHUBERT: "Trout" Quintet
May 21 F BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 5
May 24 M CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO: Guitar Concerto No. 1
May 25 T GLAZUNOV: Violin Concerto
May 26 W HANDEL: Concerto Gross Op. 6 No. 6
May 27 Th PROKOFIEV: Violin Sonata in D
May 28 F DVORAK: String Quartet in F, "American"
May 31 M GORECKI: Symphony No. 3

Lyric Opera of Chicago

May 1 Un Ballo in Maschera, by Verdi
Conductor: Daniele Gatti. Cast: Sharon Sweet, Kristjan Johannson, Vladimir Chernov, Elizabeth

Norbert-Schulz, Stefania Toczycka.

May 8 Pelleas et Melisande, by Debussy
Conductor: James Conlon. Cast: Teresa Stratas, Jerry Hadley, Victor Braun, Dimitri Kavrakos, Yvonne Minton.
May 15 The Bartered Bride, by Smetana
Conductor: Bruno Bartoletti. Cast: Barbara Daniels, Neil Rosenshein, Peter Rose, Graham Clark.
May 22 World Premiere: McTeague, by William Bolcom.
Conductor: Dennis Russell Davies. Cast: Ben Heppner, Catherine Malfitano, Timothy Nolen, Emily Golden.
May 29 Otello, by Rossini
Conductor: Donato Renzetti. Cast: Chris Merritt, Lella Cuberti, Rockwell Blake, Richard Croft, Nancy Maulsby.

Chicago Symphony

May 1 Dvorak: Serenade in D Minor for Winds, Op. 44; Tchaikovsky: Serenade in C for Strings, Op. 48; Mozart: Symphony No. 38 in D, K 504 ("Prague"). Conductor: Christoph Eschenbach.
May 8 Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 5 in E-flat, Op. 73 ("Emperor"); Shostakovich: Symphony No. 10 in E Minor, Op. 93. Emanuel Ax, piano. Gennady Roszdestvensky, conductor.
May 15 Vaughn Williams: Five Variants of Dives and Lazarus; Joan Tower: Concerto for Orchestra; Prokofiev: Symphony No. 5 in B-flat, Op. 100. Leonard Slatkin, conductor.
May 22 Rimsky-Korsakov: Suite from the Tale of Tsar Saltan; Sibelius: Violin Concerto in D Minor; Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4 in F Minor, Op. 36. Maxim Vengerov, violin. Daniel Barenboim, conductor.
May 29 Mahler: Symphony No. 9 in D. Rafael Kubelik, conductor.

St. Paul Sunday Morning

May 2 Emerson String Quartet. Webern: Langamer Satz, and Five Movements for String Quartet, Op. 5; Bartok: Quartet No. 3; Sibelius: String Quartet in D minor, Op. 56.
May 9 Emerson String Quartet, with Oscar Shumsky, violin. Schubert: Rondo for Violin and Strings; Dvorak: Terzetto for Strings in C, Op. 74; Mozart: Quintet in D, K. 593.
May 16 Hexagon (piano and winds). Mozart: Quintet in E-flat, K. 452; Poulenc: Sextet; Fracaix: Les petits nerveus; Scott Eyrely: Music for Six.
May 23 Benita Valente, soprano; Lydia Artymiw, piano.; Sharon Isbin, guitar. Program to be announced.
May 30 Edgar Meyer, double bass; Amy Dorfman, piano. Works by Boccherini, Edgar Meyer, Henry Eccles, Bloch, Scriabin, and Bottesini.

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Rhythm & News Service

MONDAY-FRIDAY**5:00-9:00am • Morning Edition**

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Bob Edwards.

9:00-4:00pm • Open Air

An upbeat blend of contemporary jazz, blues, world beat and pop music, hosted by Keith Henty and Colleen Pyke. Includes NPR news updates at a minute past each hour, Ask Dr. Science at 9:30 am, As It Was at 10:30am and Birdwatch at 2:30pm.

4:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered

The lastest national and international news from NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and Noah Adams.

6:30-7:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine, with regional news, interviews, features and commentary.

7:00-9:00pm • Echoes

John Diliberto blends exciting contemporary music into an evening listening experience both challenging and relaxing.

9:00-10:00pm • Monday: Le Show

Actor and satirist Harry Shearer (one of the creators of the spoof band "Spinal Tap") creates this weekly mix of music and very biting satire.

9:00-10:00pm • Tuesday: Selected Shorts

Want someone to tell you a story? This series from NPR, recorded live at New York City's Symphony Space, features some of this country's finest actors reading short stories.

9:00-9:30pm • Wednesday: Dreams of Rio

Radio hero Jack Flanders takes on Brazil in the pursuit of treasure!

9:30-10:00pm • Wednesday: The Iowa Radio Projects

Audio nuttiness from Dan Coffey (a.k.a Dr. Science).

9:00-9:30pm • Thursday: The Milky Way Starlight Theatre

Richard Moeschl, Brian Parkins and Traci Batchelder create this weekly look at the people, cultures and places that make up the human side of astronomy.

9:30-10:00pm • Thursday: Ken Nordine's Word Jazz

Strange and wonderful word/sound journeys from one of the most famous voices in broadcasting.

9:00-10:00pm • The Creole Gumbo Radio Show

Host Mista Twista serves up a spicy gumbo of musical treats from Louisiana, including soul and R&B, Cajun folk, blues and zydeco, and traditional jazz.

10:00-11:00pm • Thursday: Jazzset

NPR's weekly show devoted to live jazz, hosted by saxophonist Branford Marsalis.

10:00-2:00pm • Jazz

Contemporary, mainstream, big band, fusion, avant-garde – a little of everything. Fridays are devoted to vintage jazz.

SATURDAY**6:00-10:00am • Weekend Edition**

The latest national and international news from NPR.

10:00-11:00am • Car Talk

Click & Clack, the Tappet Bros., also known as Tom and Ray Magliozzi, mix excellent automotive advice with their own brand of offbeat humor. Is it possible to skin your knuckles and laugh at the same time?

11:00-11:30am • Living on Earth

NPR's weekly magazine devoted to environmental news, hosted by Steve Curwood.

11:30-Noon • Jazz Revisited

Hazen Schumacher brings you the best of the first three decades of recorded American jazz: 1917-1947.

Noon-1:00pm • Dizzy's Diamond

This series surveys the music and life of one of jazz's major innovators, the late trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie. Jazz pianist and educator Dr. Billy Taylor hosts.

1:00-2:00pm • AfroPop Worldwide

One of the benefits of the shrinking world is the availability of new and exciting forms of music. African broadcaster Georges Collinet brings you the latest pop music from Africa, the Caribbean, South America and the Middle East.

2:00-5:00pm • The World Beat Show

Thom Little brings you Afropop, reggae, calypso, soca, salsa, and many other kinds of upbeat world music.

5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

6:00-8:00pm • Rhythm Revue

Felix Hernandez hosts two hours of classic soul, R&B and roots rock.

8:00-9:00pm • The Grateful Dead Hour

David Gans with a weekly tour through the nearly endless archives of concert recordings by the legendary band.

9:00-10:00pm • BluesStage

There's nothing like a live blues band, and this NPR series travels the country to bring you both blues legends and hot new artists in club and concert performances.

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10:00-2:00am • The Blues Show

Jason Brummitt, Peter Gaulke and Lars Svendsgaard with the best in blues.

Sunday

6:00-9:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Liane Hansen - and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

9:00-2:00pm • Jazz Sunday

Contemporary jazz with host Michael Clark.

2:00-3:00pm • Jazzset

NPR's weekly program devoted to live jazz performances, hosted by jazz saxophonist Branford Marsalis.

3:00-4:00pm • Confessin' the Blues

Peter Gaulke focuses on the rich legacy of recorded American blues.

4:00-5:00pm • New Dimensions

This weekly interview series focuses on thinkers on the leading edge of change. Michael and Justine Toms host.

5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

6:00-8:00pm • The Folk Show

Keri Green brings you the best in contemporary folk music.

8:00-9:00pm • The Thistle and Shamrock

Fiona Ritchie's weekly survey of Celtic music from Ireland, Scotland and Brittany.

9:00-10:00pm • Music from the Hearts of Space

Contemporary, meditative "space music" hosted by Stephen Hill.

10:00-2:00am • Possible Musics

Space music and new age music in an interesting soundscape.

Program Highlights for May

Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz

May 7 Oliver Jones
May 14 Eddie Gomez
May 21 Warren Bernhardt
May 28 Bill Mays

AfroPop Worldwide

May 1 Carnival '93 Roundup
May 8 A Visit to the Dominican Republic
May 15 New Release Party
May 22 Los Munequitos de Matanzas — Live, Part II: Rumba
May 29 A Visit to Zimbabwe

New Dimensions

May 2 Stories, Spirit, and Soul, with Clarissa Pinkola Estes

May 9 The Heart of Healing: Exploring the Spirit and Practice of Wholeness.
May 16 The Sound of Healing, with Sherry Edwards.
May 23 Living Up to Death, with Lama Sogyal Rinpoche.
May 30 Beyond the 12 Steps, with Charlotte Kasl, Asale and Lea Arellano.

Confessin' the Blues

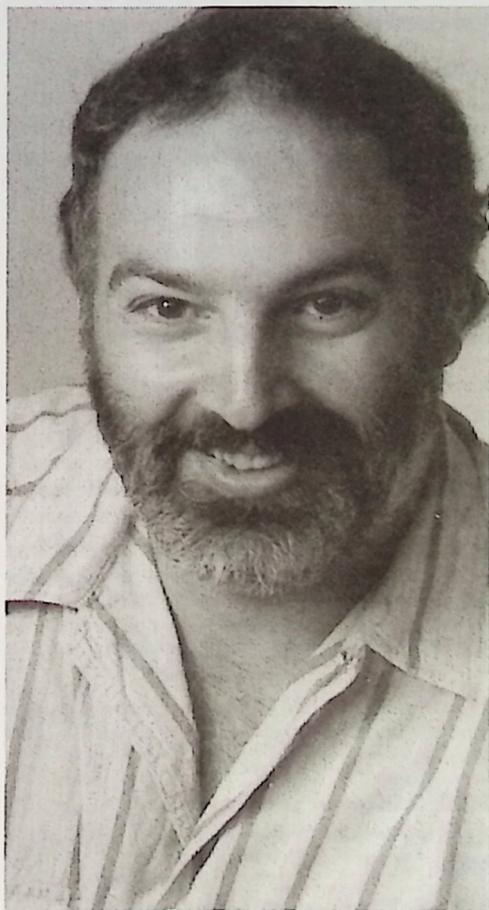
May 2 The Delmark Years
May 9 Pre-Robert Johnson Blues
May 16 Muddy Waters' Harp Players
May 23 Big Joes Part 1 (Big Joe Turner)
May 30 Big Joes Part 2 (Big Joe Williams)

Jazzset

May 2 A Celebration of Ellington and Mingus
May 6,9 A Carnegie Hall Tribute to Tito Puente
May 13,16 The Stanley Turrentine Quintet
May 20,23 The Jazzmasters play Dizzy Gillespie
May 27,30 Betty Carter

Thistle and Shamrock

May 2 Celtic Music in Canada
May 9 The Celtic Past: Celtic history in song
May 16 Hodge Podge
May 23 Celtic Voices: Karen Mathieson, Donnie Munroe, and Maire Brennan
May 30 Encore! Listener favorites from Thistle & Shamrock's first ten years.



Echoes host John Dilberto

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News & Information Service

MONDAY-FRIDAY

5:00-6:00am • Monitoradio

The latest national and international news from the radio news service of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

6:00-10:00am • Morning Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, hosted by Bob Edwards.

10:00-11:00am • BBC Newshour

News from around the world from the world service of the British Broadcasting Company.

11:00-1:00pm • Talk of the Nation

NPR's mid-day nationwide call-in program. If you'd like to participate, call 1-800-989-TALK.

1:00-1:30pm • Monday: Talk of the Town

Claire Collins hosts this interview program devoted to local and regional issues.

1:00-1:30pm • Tuesday: Soundprint

This audio documentary series has won more radio journalism awards than any other.

1:00-1:30pm • Wednesday: Crossroads

NPR's weekly news magazine devoted to issues of women and minorities.

1:00-1:30pm • Thursday: The Milky Way Starlight Theatre

Richard Moeschl, Brian Parkins and Traci Ann Batchelder create this weekly look to the people, culture and places that make up the human side of astronomy.

1:00-1:30pm • Friday: Second Thoughts

Neoconservative commentator David Horowitz hosts this weekly interview program, looking at politics and culture from a conservative perspective.

1:30-2:00pm • Pacifica News

National and international news from the Pacifica News Service.

2:00-3:00pm • Monday: The Jefferson Exchange

Wen Smith, Ken Marlin and Mary Margaret Van Diest host a call-in discussion of issues of importance to Southern Oregon.

2:00-3:00pm • Tuesday-Friday: Monitoradio

The afternoon edition of the daily news magazine from the radio news service of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

3:00-3:30pm • Marketplace

The day's business and financial news, with host Jim Angle.

3:30-4:30pm • As It Happens

National and international news from the Canadian

Broadcasting Corporation.

4:30-5:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine with news, interviews, features and commentary.

5:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and Noah Adams.

6:30-7:00pm • Marketplace

A repeat broadcast of the 3:00 program.

7:00-8:00pm • The MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour

The audio of the award-winning PBS TV news program, provided with the cooperation of the Newshour and Southern Oregon Public Television.

8:00-9:00pm • BBC Newshour

The latest international news from the British Broadcasting Corporation.

9:00-9:30pm • Pacifica News

Repeat of the 1:30pm broadcast.

9:30-11:00pm • All Things Considered

Repeat of the 5:00pm broadcast.

11:00pm • Sign-off

Saturday

6:00-10:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR.

10:00-10:30am • Horizons

NPR's weekly documentary series devoted to minority and women's issues.

10:30-11:00am • Talk of the Town

Claire Collins hosts this interview program devoted to local and regional issues. (Repeats Mondays at 1:30pm)

11:00-Noon • Zorba Paster On Your Health

Family practitioner Zorba Paster, M.D., hosts this live national call-in about your personal health.

12:00-1:00pm • The Parents Journal

Parenting in the '90s is tougher than ever. On this weekly program, host Bobbi Connor interviews experts in education, medicine and child development for helpful advise to parents.

1:00-2:00pm • C-SPAN's Weekly Radio Journal

A collection of voices heard on cable TV's public affairs network. Instead of just reviewing the news, this program features newsmakers, public officials, and the public in Washington, D.C. and around the world.

2:00-3:00pm • Commonwealth Club of California

Live lectures and discussions from one of the oldest and largest public affairs forums in the U.S. The Club's non-partisan policy strives to bring a balanced viewpoint on all issues.

3:00-4:00pm • Wingspread Briefings on Education

Leading educators share ideas on improving education in this series of discussions recorded at Wingspread, The International Center for the Exchange of Ideas in Racine, Wisconsin.

4:00-5:00pm • Car Talk

Click & Clack, the Tappett Bros (a.k.a. Tom and Ray Magliozzi), prove on this national call-in program that you can fix your car and laugh at the same time.

5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

6:00-8:00pm • To the Best of Our Knowledge

Interviews, features, and discussions of contemporary politics, culture and events.

8:00-9:00pm • All Things Considered

A repeat of the 5:00pm broadcast.

9:00-Midnight • BBC World Service

News and features from the British Broadcasting Service.

Sunday

6:00-10:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest news from National Public Radio - and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

10:00-11:00am • Sound Money

Bob Potter hosts this weekly guide to investments, taxes, and wise money management, from American Public Radio.

11:00-2:00pm • CBC Sunday Morning

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's wrap-up of the week's news, including innovative documentaries on contemporary issues.

2:00-8:00pm • El Sol Latino

Music, news and interviews by and for Southern Oregon's Spanish-speaking community - en espanol.

8:00-9:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

9:00-midnight • BBC World Service

News and features from the British Broadcasting Service.

ARTS SCENE

MICHELE SMIRL, EDITOR

Send announcements of arts-related events to: Arts Scene, Jefferson Public Radio, 1250 Siskiyou Blvd., Ashland OR 97520. May 15 is the deadline for the July issue. For more information about arts events, listen to JPR's "Calendar of the Arts" weekdays at 10 a.m. and noon.

Rogue Valley

Theater

• In its 58th season, the Oregon Shakespeare Festival has scheduled the following plays: Richard III (through Oct. 31); A Flea in Her Ear (through Oct. 31); Joe Turner's Come and Gone (through July 18; then Sept. 16-Oct. 30); Cymbeline (through May 2); Light in the Village (through June 27); Lips Together, Teeth Apart (through Sept. 12); The Illusion (July 28-Oct. 30); Antony and Cleopatra (June 8-Oct. 2); A Midsummer Night's Dream (June 9-Oct. 3); The White Devil (June 10-Oct. 1); Mad Forest (July 7-Oct. 30); The Baltimore Waltz (May 9-Oct. 31). For information on membership, or to receive a brochure on the current season, call (503) 482-2111.

• Gunmetal Blues. Musical featuring the tough-talking poetry of detective mysteries. Through May 2; 8 p.m. Oregon Cabaret Theatre, 1st and Hargadine, Ashland. (503) 488-2902.

• Little Shop of Horrors. Musical-comedy thriller. May 28-Sept. 18; 8:30 nightly, except Tuesday. Low-priced previews May 26-27. Oregon Cabaret Theatre, 1st and Hargadine, Ashland. (503) 488-2902.

• The Madwoman of Chaillot, by Jean Giraudoux. Presented by the Actor's Theatre of Ashland. Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays through May 29; 8 p.m. For tickets, call (503) 482-9659. Minshall Playhouse, 101 Talent Ave., Talent.

• Black Elk Speaks. Presented by the Actor's Theatre of Ashland in cooperation with the American Indian Cultural Center. Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays through May 15; 8 p.m. For tickets, call (503) 482-9659. Miracle on Main Theatre, 295 E. Main, Ashland.

• A Midsummer Night's Dream. Shakespeare's classic comedy of romantic love. Presented by the theater department of Southern Oregon State College. May 13-30. For tickets, call (503) 552-6348.

Music

• Eugene Fodor, the first Western violinist to win top honors at the Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow, plays Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole for Violin and Orchestra." May 1 at 8 p.m.; May 2 at 4 p.m. South Medford High School. For tickets, call the Rogue Valley Symphony at (503) 488-2521.

• Southern Oregon Repertory Singers. Dr. Paul French of the Southern Oregon State

College music faculty will lead the 24-voice chamber choir in Britten's "Hymn to St. Cecilia" and other choral works. Two performances: May 14 at 8 p.m. at St. Marks Episcopal Church in Medford; and May 16 at 4 p.m. at the SOSC Music Recital Hall in Ashland. Tickets are available at the Molly Reed store in Medford and the Tree House in Ashland. Or call (503) 488-2307.

• The Southern Oregon State College music department has scheduled the following recitals in the SOSC Music Recital Hall.

—Pianist Stephen Truelove and cellist Lisa Truelove. May 9; 3 p.m. \$3/2/2.

—Baritone Brett Garrett. May 16; 8 p.m. Free.

—Honors recital. May 21; 8 p.m.

—Percussionist Randy Larson. May 23; 4 p.m. \$3/2/2.

—Jazz concert. May 26; 8 p.m. \$3/2/2.

—Saxophonist Elaine Wilson. May 29; 8 p.m. Free.

For more information on any of the above, call (503) 552-6101.

• Rum Tum Music's Mother's Day concert.

May 9; 2 p.m. Ashland Community Center, 59 Winburn Way, Ashland. For tickets, call (503) 482-9851.

Exhibits

• China Exhibit of Contemporary Work. May 3-28. Wiseman Gallery, 3345 Redwood Hwy., Grants Pass. (503) 479-5541.

• Without Chocolate: Mono Prints by Denise Kester. May 6-31. Reception May 7; 5 p.m. 4th Street Garden Gallery and Cafe, 265 4th St., Ashland. (503) 488-6263.

• SOSC art-faculty exhibition series. Through June 25. Schneider Museum of Art, Southern Oregon State College, Ashland. (503) 552-6245.

• Keith Boyle: Paintings and Constructions. Works in acrylic and wood. May 1-June 25. Reception May 13; 7 p.m. Schneider Museum of Art, Southern Oregon State College, Ashland. (503) 552-6245.

• Victoria Rivers and Jeff Patterson. Painted fabric, batik, and large-sized raku fired vessels. Through May 29. Rogue Gallery, 40 S. Bartlett Street, Medford. (503) 772-8118.

Other events

• Painting from Within. How to rediscover the artist within. No experience necessary. May 8; 9:30-4:30. For more information, call Elaine Fielder at (503) 535-7797.

Klamath Basin

Theater

• Pump Boys. A musical tribute to four service-station attendants and two sisters who run a diner. May 21-June 13; Fridays and Saturdays; 8 p.m. Linkville Playhouse, 201 Main, Klamath Falls. (503) 884-6782.

• Velveteen Rabbit. Margery Williams' classic story of a stuffed animal that becomes real through a child's love. Presented by Theatreworks/USA. May 7; 7:30 p.m. Ross

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car talk



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Weekdays at 7pm on the Rhythm & News Service

Ragland Theater, 218 N. 7th St., Klamath Falls. (503) 884-0651.

Umpqua Valley

Theater

• **Lend Me A Tenor.** May 5-8; 8 p.m. The Betty Long Unruh Theatre, Roseburg. For tickets, call the Umpqua Actors Community Theatre at (503) 672-6104.

Music

• **Jazz Mecca**, with Freefall, Arthur Barduhn, and local vocalists. May 7; 8 p.m.; \$5. Jacoby Auditorium, Umpqua Community College, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. (503) 440-4600.

• **Pops concert**, with the Umpqua Community Orchestra. May 23; 3 p.m. Jacoby Auditorium, Umpqua Community College, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. (503) 440-4600.

• **Spring vocal concert**, presented by Roseburg High School. May 25; 7:30 p.m. Jacoby Auditorium, Umpqua Community College, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. (503) 440-4600.

• **The Oregon Symphony**, conducted by James DePreist. May 26; 8 p.m. Jacoby Auditorium, Umpqua Community College, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. (503) 440-4600.

• **Andanzas**. Folk and contemporary music of Latin America. May 21; 7:30 p.m. Umpqua Valley Art Center, 1624 West Harvard, Roseburg. (503) 672-2532.

• **Radim Zenkl**, Czechoslovakian mandolin virtuoso. May 28; 7:30 p.m. Umpqua Valley Art Center, 1624 West Harvard, Roseburg. (503) 672-2532.

Exhibits

• **Felt wool sculpture** by Anne Nixon. Through May 2. Umpqua Community College, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. (503) 440-4600.

Coast

Theater

• **The Biggest Thief in Town**, directed by Mary Durel. May 7-22. For tickets, call the Bandon Playhouse at (503) 347-9881.

Music

• **Recital by Dean Kramer**, professor of piano at the University of Oregon. May 23; 3 p.m. Redwood Theatre, 621 Chetco Ave., Brookings. (503) 469-5775

Exhibits

• **Underwater: Blown Glass** by James Nowak. Through May 23. Cook Gallery, 705 Oregon St., Port Orford. (503) 332-0045.

• **Sculptured turned-wood vessels** by Hugh McKay. Opening reception May 29; 6 p.m. Through June 20. Cook Gallery, 705 Oregon St., Port Orford. (503) 332-0045.

• **The Second Street Gallery** celebrates its

tenth anniversary with works by ten artists. Show features paintings, ceramics, raku, blown glass, steel, and soapstone sculptures. Through May 31. Second Street Gallery, 210 2nd St., Bandon. (503) 347-4133.

Other events

• **Port Orford Arts Festival 1993**. Glass-blowing, wood-turning, basket-weaving, jewelry-making, painting, and art exhibitions. May 7-9. For more information, call the Port Orford Arts Council at (503) 332-0045.

• **Spring Showcase 1993**. Ballet, jazz, modern, tap, and pointe. May 22 at 7 p.m.; May 23 at 2 p.m. Marshfield High School auditorium, 10th and Ingersoll, Coos Bay. For tickets, call Pacific Dance Spectrum at (503) 269-7163.

Northern California

Music

• **Shasta College** presents the following musical events, all at the Shasta College Theatre, 11555 Old Oregon Trail, Redding.

— **The Shasta Symphony** spring concert. May 9; 3:15 p.m. (Pre-concert program in Room 400 at 2 p.m.) \$6; students and seniors, \$3.

— **Shasta Community Jazz Band**, a 22-piece ensemble. May 12; 7:30 p.m. \$4.

— **Shasta Community Band**. Show tunes and light symphonic favorites. May 13 and 14; 7:30 p.m. \$4; students and seniors, \$3.

— **Spring Sing** concert. Judith Knowles directs the Shasta Community Chorale, the Shasta Choraliers, and the Shasta Chamber Choir in Vivaldi's "Gloria" and other works. May 16; 3:15 p.m. \$3; students and seniors, \$2.

— **Shasta College Student Bands & Choirs Concert**. May 19; 7:30 p.m. \$5; students and seniors, \$2.

— **Synaxis 24**. Ballet and modern dance. May 21 and 22; 8 p.m. \$5; students and seniors, \$3.

For more information on any of the above, call (916) 225-4807.

• **Spring Surprise**. The Redding Symphony Orchestra will perform works by Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, and Tchaikovsky. May 22; 8 p.m. Redding Convention Center, Civic Auditorium, 700 Auditorium Dr., Redding. (916) 244-5818.

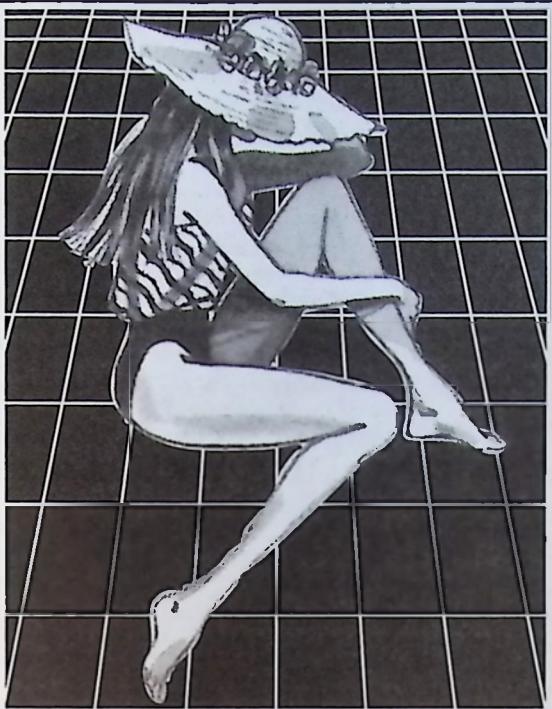
Exhibits

• **The Shasta College** fine-arts division presents its 41st annual juried show of student art. Shasta College Gallery, Art Building, Shasta College, 11555 Old Oregon Trail, Redding. (916) 225-4807.

• **Works by Fred Gordon and Tom O'Hara**. Through May 9. Works by Dennis Weathers and Pat Collentine. Opening reception May 15; 6 p.m. Brown Trout Gallery, 5841 Sacramento Ave., Dunsmuir. (916) 235-0754.

Other events

• **Lewitzky Dance Company**. Contemporary dance. May 4; 7:30 p.m. Yreka Community Theater Center, 810 N. Oregon Street, Yreka. (916) 842-2355.



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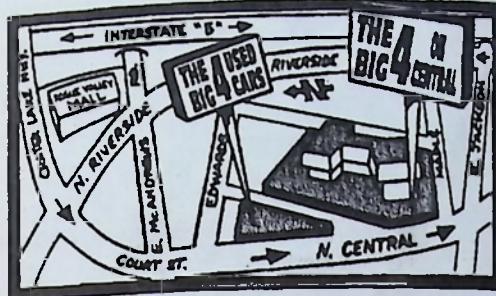
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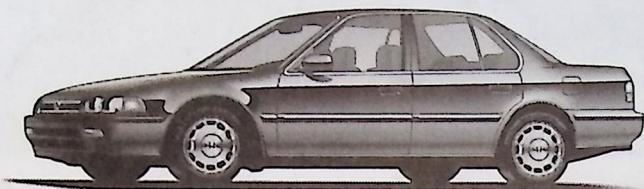
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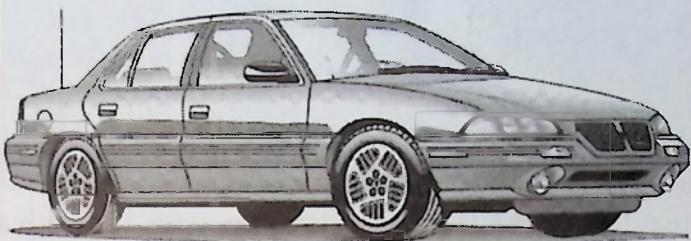
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